Meet the Parents (It Style) by Bloody Vixen

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Summary: You and Penny are expecting a second child. Being forced to tell your mother about your family life, you gear up for a stressful family visit. Except your family isn't the only one who wants to drop by. Surprise [Y/N], meet Bob, Bob Gray aka Papawise!

1. Meet Daddy

Author's Notes:

Okay, this was supposed to be a oneshot but it kept getting longer and longer, so I gave up and make this a proper sequel instead. So in this fic, it's been two years since Penny's resurrected. You're expecting Baby No.2 and must confront not only your own mother but another Devourer as well.

Your mother took the news of you being pregnant…quite well.

Mostly.

"You're *pregnant*?" your mother's voice shriek from your phone.

"Yes."

"Is this is some kind of joke? It's not funny [Y/N]! If you don't want to visit –"

"No, mom, I am 100% pregnant and expecting. Congrats you're going to be a grandma!"

The silence was long and you swear you could hear your mother's heart beating. Then, she blurts out:

"What – how? You're a hermetical virgin! You don't even date!"

"Well, guess what? Your hermit daughter had started dating and had sex! A lot! And she's pregnant!"

"Whu, what, with who? Is he in the picture?"

"Yes, he is. He's, uh, living with me…and he's a single-dad with a kid I'm adopting." You say quickly with hopes that by saying is as fast as possible, your mother would take the news better.

Your mother's screech was so loud Eggy thought a cat had broken into the house. Pennywise had to leave the room because he was

laughing so hard, the dick.

While your mother had hung up from the shock, she had pestered you about your boyfriend and his daughter how did this happen and why did you keep this from your poor old mother? All those questions you had expected and it took you the whole weekend to answer.

After assuring her that no, Penny is not a drug-dealer or your sugar daddy and no, Eggy's mother is not the picture and yes, you're healthy, yada, yada, yada your mother declared that she will be visiting soon to meet your new family and to scold or pamper or preach, you're not sure cause at some point you dissociated. But the thing is your mother is coming to visit and that's final.

You spend the Monday stressing for the upcoming visit. Pennywise kept chuckling at your distress, but promised to be on his best behaviour and teach Eggy to hold on to her human form. You're glad that at least Eggy is able to shapeshift, even though according to Penny she's practically an amoeba in the grand scale of things. Only able to form into a close female form, of her size compared to her father's ability to be *anything*.

In retaliation Eggy transformed into a bacteria and gave him a cold. Now you get random texts of him moaning about how he's going to die, for real, babe, and it's amazing how their child is so devious and smart and he's so proud.

Eggy, bless your sweet child, is happily photographing sick Penny for *reasons*.

However, you are worried about the visit. While your mother didn't disown you – like you had imagined during your worst nightmares – you try to think of a backstory for Penny. Some are easy, he's had Eggy with a woman who died and met you and you guys fell in love. He's currently working as a tailor (technically costume maker) where he works from home. He doesn't earn as much as you but this is 2018, Mother, don't judge him.

He doesn't have a family aside from Eggy and you and Baby No.2. Well, technically he does, but we do not mention *'The Reptile Who*

Shan't Be Named' or that *'Lazy, Cruel, Asshole of a Turtle'* or *'Matu-Dick'*. He's a guy who likes to clown around but he's serious about you, about Eggy and about the baby. You're also assured that at least he won't bring up the fact that he used to be something like a God or that he terrorized Derry once every twenty-seven years.

But you're going to have to run through him again because Pennywise tend to Pennywise.

Still, you need to think. So instead of driving straight home from work, you take a detour to the Barrens. A place where you'd breathe and think…and also hunt for any random animal because you remembered that Eggy hasn't had one for two days now.

God, what is your life coming to?

Well, nope. No moping, you made that choice and you're going to take it one step at a time.

The air feels cool on your skin, with the sun shining and the air smelling fresh and crispy. You can feel the tendrils of stress unwrapping itself from you.

Yes, your mother is going to visit but you are confident you can persuade her to come around. She's a nice woman and sometimes she's worried about you but she loves you. Also, you're an adult and you can handle a family. You're at that age when you're financially stable and mature enough to tackle whatever comes your way. After all, you survived the Great Penny vs Squirrel vs Human Interaction of 2017. Your mother will be a cinch.

"Yeah. You can do this girl." You say to yourself. Breathing one more time, you turn to see if there's any cats or dogs you can drag back home.

That's when you saw it.

A yellow balloon.

It takes you a while to register what you're seeing. A part of you acknowledge the balloon; yellow and steady, ignoring the wind that's blowing around you. Pennywise used to love sending you them. He

liked to call the red balloons, his signature card. You recalled driving home from work or just shopping and out of the corner of your eye, you'd spot it. A singular red balloon, defying its physics as it floats towards you. That's usually a signal that he's about to drop by or simply to fuck with your mind because he thinks it's funny to watch you panic at its sight. He stopped when you finally caved and bought him a phone, but occasionally he does bring them up for shits and giggles.

However, Penny is stripped of his powers, a punishment meted upon him by his brother, Maturin. Since his resurrection any balloons you'd find acted like one. Even the ones he'd blow up for you and pop in your face for kicks.

But this one...this one reminded you of his old balloons. Of Penny's old powers…

Except, that's *impossible*.

You keep staring at the balloon before slowly, it makes its way towards you. You don't move not out of fear but out of curiosity. Like an odd rubbery lantern, it bobs towards you, tantalizing in its mystery.

Then, just as you're about to touch it, you hear a deep, raspy and extremely *familiar* laugh. You flinch back, your head whipping around to find the source of that (impossible) laughter, when the balloon explodes.

The pop cracked like thunder and you can barely gasp before *hundreds* of balloons, yellow, blue and red, surrounds you, blocking your sights. You try to push them aside but it feels like you're drowning in them and that awful laugh crescendos at your panic. The rubber pelts itself against you, even as you batted them away, popping a few in the process.

Suddenly, all of them explodes and you fall on your rear, backing away from everything as colourful confetti showers all over you.

The forest is silent and you're aware that the only sounds you can hear are your breathings as you lay there, your heart pounding loudly

in your ribcage.

"*What the fuck?*"

You hear someone clucking behind you, "Aw, don't be mad [Y/N]! Just thought you'd like a little trip down memory lane."

No, *no fucking way.*

You spin around and dash backwards, just in time to avoid the voice's hands from grabbing your shoulders.

Gloved hands.

There's that familiar white and red, but its followed by a symphony of colours. Yellow overalls and a colourful vest cover the man, no, the clown, in front of you. But if Penny was thin and tall, this one was shorter and stouter. Unlike the underlying darkness that Penny had in his favourite form, this one seem to emanate a sort of fun, harmlessness. Except, those eyes, those vividly blue eyes hinted something darker…crueller.

No…this isn't your Penny. No, it's something like him and he's staring at you like you're meat.

Shit.

The clown grins widely at your expression as he extends his hand out.

"Hiya, [Y/N], names Pennywise the Dancing Clown! Glad to finally meet you!"

What.

You don't know how long you stared at that palm as your brain tries to process everything. The clown chuckles, not even wavering in his pose. You're too busy sending energy to your brain as it overloads, resets and your mouth start to spew verbal vomit.

"No. Nope. NOPE. Not happening. Uh, uh." You stammer as you stand up, brushing the confetti of your clothes.

"I assure, [Y/N], I'm very real." The clown reply darkly. You know that tone, the one your Penny used whenever you deny reality and by right you should just shut the fuck up but nope. Not happening. Because this whole shit? NOT HAPPENING.

"NO. Not happening. I already fucked one alien demon clown. You're not – *NO.* You're not real. And I'm, this is a fucking dream. Yeah. A dream. I must have dozed off. Wake up [Y/N], WAKE UP [Y/N]!" you screech as you start to run off. Run away, run away from that thing and go home, get home to *your depowered Penny* and Eggy and just –

Claws tighten itself around the collar of your shirt and spin you around to face that dream clown. A hysterical laugh escapes your mouth as those claws dig into your cheeks. You try to push away, but the clown wrapped his free arm around your waist and hold you tightly against his chest.

"Uh, uh, uh. Manners [Y/N]. Just cause you got Junior under your thumb, doesn't mean you get to be lippy with me."

You smell the rot on his breath, mingled with blood and cotton candy and you're kicking yourself for even going there because this is all wrong but pain brings you back, reminded you of something like it, a long time ago.

Tears leak from your eyes as those awful claws dig into your cheeks.

"Now, what do we say?" he rasps, his blue eyes piercing you.

"I'm s-sorry." You stammer and as soon as you say it, he releases you.

The clown laughs uproariously before slapping your back. You yelp as he cries, "Ahahahaha, you're too wound up, kiddo! Live a little, why don't ya? Too much stress ain't good for the baby y'know?"

Your baby, fuck, what the hell are you even doing, you should be running! But you know if you do, this thing, this…Pennywise would hunt you down and kill you. Penny and Eggy are too far to help you and you don't want to risk dying.

No. Not now.

So you change tactic, suppress your fears.

"Who…who are you?" you ask and the clown rolls his eyes.

"Told ya toots, I'm Pennywise the Dancing Clown." He replies impatiently.

"Yeah but *who are you*? Are you like Penny? Like…um, a Devourer?"

For a moment you see his eyes glow eerily as he steps forward, "Yes. I am one of them. You can say I'm his…" he giggles, "…daddy."

…

You don't scream, no, your body had calmly bypassed that procedure, so you only feel that tingly sensation of the world shrinking and your soul quietly detaches itself and ascends to the higher plane of existence.

(Don't worry, baby's there too.)

Penny Senior chuckles and drags you back to reality.

"Ah. I'm just here to visit the brat. Heard he had an offspring and settled down. Had to see it for myself, cause I know the kid. Had to see who this sweet thing is and well, gotta say I'm kinda impressed." He says leering over you.

Anger surges in you as you cross your arms across your chest protectively.

"Yeah, well. If that's all…"

"I was kinda surprised to see you here all the lonesome and reeking of stress, so I thought some balloons would cheer you up." He says and with a wave, he conjures up another balloon. He hands it to you and something inside you melt at the gesture. It reminds you of what Penny would do when you're stressed out or angry. For a creature who thinks humans were too 'emotional', he's quite perceptive of them. But then, you guess, that when you love eating people who are scared out of their wits being able to understand emotions is a must.

Ugh, you're going down that path again. Shaking your head you tug the balloon string before smiling at the man in front of you.

"Thanks Mr. Pennywise."

He pinches your nose between his fingers, "Aw, shucks kiddo, you can call me Bob."

"Okay, thanks Bob."

"You're welcome [Y/N]! Now, let me walk you back to your car. Can't have a pregnant lady walking all alone now." He says, extended the crook of his arm. You don't extend yours because this is getting a bit weird, so you try to make a (polite) excuse to leave.

"Er, it's okay. I can walk, I mean I don't want to bother –"

"Nah, I'm free just for you, sweetheart. Can't have my daughter-in-law getting hurt, now can I?" and without waiting, he hooks your arm into his and nearly drag you back to your car. You're not surprised that he knew where you parked the damn thing. He talks a bit about his life, something to do with dimensions and the universe but you tuned out half way because holy fucking shit.

Penny told you long ago that he was born complete but you had assumed he was like the big-bang, coming from nothing but now you find out there's another one of him and he has a dad and your mind is just too fucking blown to even comprehend what's happening. The only thing you can understand is that while this Penny, no, Bob, has that underlying cruelty, he's more…genial like what you'd expect from a clown.

If not for the whole balloon thing, you would peg him as a clown who got separated from an actual human circus.

Within moments you arrive at your vehicle and without even unlocking it with your keys, he opens your driver's door for you.

"There, all safe and sound." He says, bowing like a gentleman.

Your body moves into the driver's seat, carefully punting the balloon into the backseat. Bob gives you another one over and then claps his

hands together with glee.

"Good! Well, I'm glad to meet you [Y/N]!" he exclaims, grinning away. You force a friendly smile onto you face, hoping to keep him happy.

"Nice to meet you too, Bob. I hope I see you around." As soon as you said those words you want to take it back. Goddamn social necessities, you don't actually want to see him again. Maybe, urgh, can't think. Bob's grin grew wider and you wonder if he actually read your fucking mind because, of course you needed that. But if he does, he doesn't allude to it and instead steps back away from your car, closing your door.

"I hope to see you around too! See ya kid!" he says, and with a wave and a loud pop the man vanishes in front of your eyes.

You sit there for a moment in silence, one of your hand waving absently to nothing as you listen to the birds chirping and wind blowing when your crumple onto the steering wheel as the whole event sinks into your skull.

"Fuck. What the fuck?"

2. Dealing with Unwanted Guests

He could feel it. The ache in his bones, the fever in his soul.

He's dying. He's sure of it.

"You just have a cold, Dada, don't be silly." Eggy says, patting his warm forehead.

"Oh, sweet summer child," he thought. "I must take my leave from you. Tell Mama I love her. You can have the last piece of cake, my last gift to you!" He mutters, as he coughs. It's usually at these moments Eggy wished her natural form had eyes, because she wants to roll them at her father's antics. She tucks the blanket around him as her father buries himself into the living room couch.

Heedless of his daughter's thought, can feel his mind shutting down, the universe calls to him now and he will rejoin the cosmos, the birthplace of him and many others.

"Uh, oh." Eggy suddenly blurts out and Penny panics (because oh shit he was joking about dying) eyes popped open as he cranes his head towards his child. Eggy's is focusing at the door, mouth open in shock.

His daughter then adds, "Mama's angry,"

Oh shit. Did you find out about the chocolate? No, no, he had hid them well. He can't help it but those chocolate are delicious and you've been super snappy at everything and he just wanted a taste. Oh crap, he knew he should have taken the trash out *yesterday*; you may have found those wrappers.

"Wait, does she know about the chocolate?"

Copper hair turns around, and Penny swears he can see her non-existing eyes narrowing at him.

"No. It's something worse."

That made him sit up.

Oh no; you know about the Disney movies.

"Heh…Eggy, can you turn into another flu? Avian flu? Pig flu? Anything, Dada has to be extremely sick right now." He begs but Eggy shakes her head.

"Sorry, Dada…too late." She replies and both of them hear the sounds of your tires screeching into the driveway. Penny tries to escape, thinking that if he pretends to be dead he'd might escape whatever anger that's coming from you. But before he could bolt, the door swings open and slams against the wall. You march in, your footstep thunderous as you zero in on the blanketed figure on your couch.

"Er…hey [Y/N]…"

You kick the door shut, your fists clenching and unclenching as your gaze pierces his.

"*Daddy?"* you hiss, glaring at Penny. The former clown's expression turns from mild fear to confusion.

"Yeah…?"

Your fury was such that it had rendered you unable to form coherent sentences, so you opt for keywords instead: *"Bob. Daddy?"*

Penny makes a quick glance at Eggy who walk up towards her mother. You shake and shiver, trying to calm down as your child tentatively touches your hand. Quickly you send an image of Bob to her mind, you can feel her confusion but as soon as the picture is ingrained within her, she walks back towards the bewildered Pennywise.

The both hold their hands together as you collapse onto the chair beside sofa, your face covered within your palms. You had zero recollection of driving home, torn between fear and anger that Penny is keeping shit from you; there's another one of him, *his father* and now he's dropped to 'visit'? Right before yours does?

You don't need the stress god damn it!

You were so intent in your own thoughts you nearly missed the look

of rage crossing Penny's face.

"Oh. Oh no – that…" he spits in an alien language, his fingers clenched tightly around Eggy's. You daughter whines as he drops her hands, sending an apologetic glance her way.

"Sorry, sweetie but it's just. [Y/N], I can explain."

Your head snaps up, "You'd better. What is this about your 'dad'? You said you were born from nothing and now there's *another one* of you running around! You said no more secrets Penny!" you growl. Penny, to his credit didn't even flinch but looks upset at your remarks.

"I didn't lie about that! My kind, well, my generation, are born, well created, from nothing! We don't have families like you." He explains. Your lover walks over to you and although you want nothing more than to be away from him, you still melt into his warm embrace, his body hotter due to his cold. Eggy climbs up and sits between both of you and you feel yourself calm down.

"Then who is he? He appeared from nowhere and he has your powers, Pen. And he's like a clown but not like you? He even used the same name."

Penny tightens his arms around you and you can hear his mind racking up a way to explain the whole mess, "Look, [Y/N], it's… complicated."

You think of your life so far. You had dealt with cosmic horrors that would make Lovecraft cry, you have a child who could join the X-Men and you just encountered Pennywise 2.0 while Pennywise 1.0 is sniffling with a cold. Also, you're pregnant and you have only a few days before you must come up with a backstory for a literal alien from space for your mother.

(And someone had eaten your chocolate.)

Complicated sounds simple at this time. You sigh, rubbing your forehead hoping to ease the migraine that's threatening to come.

"Just…try me. Okay, Penny? And don't keep anything from me anymore."

Penny nods, his lips thinning as he braces himself.

"He's not my father. I mean, I have a maker, sort of, yes but it's not the creature you met today." He explains, frowning.

"That man, this Bob, is something like me. We are of the same species but not of the same dimension. The closest human equivalent would be siblings …or cousins. But definitely not father or mother."

Penny sounds sincere and you feel a knot untangle deep within you. Something about that creature not being a father seem to ease you for some reason, but why did Bob say that? He even went as far as claim you as a daughter-in-law when it hits you.

Of course Bob would be lying – if Penny and this other guy are of the same cloth, then he would have a penchant for lying and trickery. It's one of their modus operandi. The clown scared you then tried to brush it away like it's a joke, like how Penny used to do to you.

And you fell for it.

"This guy, this Penny-Bob, he and I used to be…erm…" Penny hesitates, trying to figure out the correct words to explain the whole Penny/Penny-Bob relationship.

"He, er…he used to be my mate."

Record scratch.

You feel your jaw drop because – what. What the hell? Penny not only has a cousin/sibling whatever, but there were mates? As in *lovers? Alien-Clown Spider/Alien Clown Spider?*

The expression on your face must have been something because Penny quickly raised his hands in defensive.

"Look! It was a long time ago and it didn't work out, so we parted dimensions. I came here and he went elsewhere. I swear it's over between us. I am sworn to you and to our children! I promise!"

"You said I was your first! That you were a virgin when you met me!"

Penny's eye twitched and you fight the urge to bean him with a pillow.

"Pennywise the Dancing Clown is a virgin when I met you. My true form is more complex, my former relationship was based on our desire to create a new offspring. Sex was…well, it wasn't sex what we had, not in your terms. And anyway, it didn't work out. I thought for the longest time the only way our kind could breed is via asexual reproduction…that is until you."

Fondly, he pats Egg's cheek. "You are my family now. I swear to you upon the Beams and Towers."

You sense his sincerity, the way he looks at you, hoping you'd understand. And you do. You don't expect Penny to ever completely be honest with you; his existence, his history is beyond your human comprehension. But you expected him to at least be honest about certain things, like his time in Derry, his 'family', his former mate.

"Is this guy your only former mate?" you ask because you can only take so many more surprised visit.

Penny taps his chin in thought, "Hm…there was another one but it was less mating and more mentor and student. Why, did you see another Pennywise?" he asks bluntly.

"No, just that guy. Bob. Why do you think he's here? Is he going to stay around or is he just dropping by?" you question. Because if there's another Devourer around that you're worried that children and adults are going to start missing. And you don't want that; Derry deserves to heal. As though he can read your thoughts, Penny frowns.

"I hope not. But by right he shouldn't even be here. We have our rules and one of them is not to thread on another's hunting grounds."

"But you're not hunting anymore now are ya, *lover boy*?"

You screech and instinctively grab Eggy close to you. Penny jumps to his feet between you and the clown that had suddenly appeared in your home. Despite being human, his powers stripped you can feel the energy emanating from him. The urge to protect his family seem

to drag whatever power he's barred from into the room. Even Eggy joins in, humming and hissing as she bares her jaws. You can feel a coldness sweeping your veins but your child carefully stops before you both collapse.

Penny hisses, eyes burning with fury.

"Get out!"

Bob mock pouts, "Aw, is that the way you'd greet an ex?"

"You're trespassing! This is *my* grounds! Get out!"

The clown narrows his eyes, then before you can blink, the creature swings his palm and Penny crumples to the ground, out cold. You cry out and kneel down to him, seeking for signs of life; you nearly weep with relief when you feel him breathing. But he's cool to the touch and you sob before turning towards Bob. The clown seems unmoved, shrugging his shoulders at the scene in front of him.

"Not when you're stuck like that you're not." He chides and takes another step forward. You cover Penny with your body, trying to protect him when Eggy shrieks and lunges towards the intruder. Bob's eyes widen with surprise before his entire neck is engulfed in Eggy's jaws.

A sickening crack fills the air as the clown and your child struggle in the room. Bob is swearing loudly as he tries to disengage Eggy from his neck. But for once Eggy's tiny size gives her an advantage. Your daughter would swing and bend in ways that's not possible as she avoids Bob's claws. The latter growls and roars in anger as he tries to disentangle your child to him, his eyes blaze with yellow fury. Sounds of hisses, growls and bones breaking echo the room and you're half terrified and half hoping someone would hear and call the cops. Even though you don't have a single clue how to explain the whole situation to them.

You try to rouse Penny, hoping it was just a simple faint and that he didn't get hurt. His eyes flutter but he remains unconscious in spite of the chaos reigning in front of you.

Part of you wants to collapse and cry because this is not how today was supposed to go. Then there's another part of you who is furious. This alien clown comes to your town, scares you then knocks your lover unconscious?

Fuck this asshole.

With a yell, you grab the nearest thing to you, your table lamp and swing it straight into Bob's torso. The clown lets out an 'oof!' then stumbles down to the floor and you lunge and wrap your arms around his legs, trapping him.

Sensing a weakness, Eggy sink her teeth deeper and deeper until in one loud crunch, Bob's head lolls unnaturally from his body. Your daughter remains there, her body shaking and shivering when, with one final bite, Eggy tears the clown's head clean of his shoulders. Blood spurts comically from the stem and defying gravity floats above the clown formerly known as Bob. Eggy's jaws unhinges and she swallows the head in one loud gulp.

Eggy growls and spits at the remaining corpse. She turns to face you and reach out and pull her close to you, peppering her face with kisses and tears. Eggy croons and keens and you release her as she bounds toward her comatose father. Then, gently, she starts licking Penny's face.

You crawl up to him, whispering and begging him to wake up.

Slowly, his eyes open and you cry out, kissing him again and again, because what he did was sweet but also so fucking stupid and you're glad he's alive and oh shit you have a corpse in your house!

"…[Y/N]…?" he moans, his hand reaching out to you.

"You idiot! You *idiot!*" you wail, wrapping your arm around his body.

"I think I'm sick, sweet thing …" he says absently, then his eyes fell onto Eggy who continue to lick any part of his exposed face.

"Oh, Eggy, you got some blood on you…" he mutters, feebly wiping the mess of her face but Eggy just half-laughs and half-sobs, "Dada, don't be silly."

The man sits up, groaning when he spots the beheaded body lying on the living room rug.

"Fuck."

"I did that, Dada!" Eggy exclaims, beaming and pointing. Penny's expression was both comical and surprised.

"Damn, Eggy! That's amazing!" he praises, patting their child with wonder.

"You moron! We thought we lost you." You say, holding him close. Penny grins at your words, "No. I'm fine…the guy just knocked me out a bit. But Eggy! Look at you, fighting a fully empowered Devourer and *winning!* I can't believe you're just a hatchling!"

Your child giggles, "Hehe, Dada, Mama helped too." Penny turns and you feel your heart wanting to burst at the stupid look on his face.

Well, you would have, if not for the raspy laughter that joined in.

The three of you freeze as the corpse, Bob's corpse, shake and twists and then stands up like it's a puppet tugged by its strings. All of you watch in horror as bones, sinews and muscles blossom from its neck, like some twisted flower that began to form a jaw, lips, cheeks, eyes and then forehead winged with fiery red hair.

Eggy hisses and before both of you can stop her, she jumps again intent to ending the intruder when Bob snatches her from mid-air. He pinches the area behind her neck and you watch as Eggy falls limp, like a kitten. Bob's skull continues to reform, echoed with that raspy laughter.

With one final guffaw, Bob aka Pennywise the Dancing Clown shakes his head and grins malevolently at the both of you.

"Geez, tough crowd." He says, chuckling to himself as he snaps his neck left and right. "But gotta admit your kid is something, lover boy."

Penny growls, "Don't call me that! And let go of my child!" he says. Penny tries to stand up but he falls down, wheezing. So you stand up

instead, glaring at him.

Bob seems amused by your stance. "I would…but only if you listen to what I have to say."

You want nothing more than to punch this jerk's face in but since Eggy is down and Penny is still sick from the flu and whatever the hell this bastard had done, you have no choice but to hear it.

"Fine, but then you let my child go and *leave us*. This is not your haunting grounds, you have no right to be here."

An ugly sneer forms on Bob's lips, "Girl, you don't get to order shit from me. But I'm gonna let this one slide, since you're this little tyke's Mama and Mama's gotta stick together."

You don't even understand what the fuck this guy is saying, so you glower instead. The clown had the audacity to laugh, shaking Eggy in his hands.

"Oho, you're *fiery*! I can see why you settled with this broad, sweet cheeks."

"Stop calling me that!" Penny spits.

"Yeah, only I get to call him that!"

"No, you don't!"

"Shush Penny! And you, say whatever you want to say."

"Ehehehe. Okay, [Y/N]. Firstly, I'm not going anywhere."

"WHAT?" Penny and you shout as Bob waves absently.

"Listen, kiddos. Word on the street is that you managed to create not just one but *two* offspring with your little wifey here. Now, I know, I know, congrats and everything. But the word is also that you, lover boy, had your powers stripped by senile reptile over here."

You can feel Penny stiffen next to you, "Yeah. So? I'll get them back. The fucker's dead, so it's just a matter of time. I don't see why *you*

need to be here."

Bob tuts like he's dealing with a rather dense pupil, "Oh boy, looks like being an actual human had made you dumb too. Look, your kids' special. Like impossible miracle special. I mean look at this one! She's premature and she bit my head off."

"I know right. She's amazing." Penny gushes.

You shake your head, "Yeah, that's great and all but why are *you* staying?"

"Look, your kids need a tutor. I mean, yeah you two can handle this one now, but eventually she's going to need someone to guide her."

Amber eyes narrow as Penny stares at Bob, "I can handle it."

Bob sniggers, "No, you can't."

"Watch me," Penny snarls as he walks up to Bob. You try to pull him back when Penny slams to the floor, as though some invisible hand is pressing him down.

"No, stop that!" you cry out as Penny struggles against the pressure. Bob chuckles, then tilts his head releasing the copper-head man from the floor.

"Fuck you!" he spits.

Bob cackles before covering Eggy's ears. "Oh! Language!"

"Stop laughing you big jerk! If you're here to help then why the fuck are you doing this?" you shout.

"Gee, sis, you're busting my balls. Right now, your sweet kid is still able to cope but her next change is coming and I doubt ol' Penny here or you can handle the power up your kid's going to get."

As he says that, Bob carefully cradles Eggy to his chest, stroking her voluminous red hair, so reminiscing of her father.

"And trust me kid. It *will* get ugly." He lets the words hang in the air

ominously. You turn to Penny, hoping that he'd tell you that it's not true, that this asshole is lying for some reason. At the crestfallen expression on the man's face, you feel your heart sink.

"Penny?"

"…sorry [Y/N], but he's…he's right."

Bob laughs as you whimper, "No. C'mon, Penny we don't…"

Penny shakes his head, grimacing as he speaks the words, "I'm sorry [Y/N], but he's right. As much as I hate saying this but he's right. We – I – Eggy needs someone like him. She's gonna go through a cycle. And I…*look at me*. I can't even handle a human cold! Much less Eggy's growth spurt. We…I'm sorry, but we need him."

You want to deny him, grab the foul clown by his fucking neck and kick him out but Penny looks so small and lost and your child is dangling limply in Bob's arms and you just want to scream. You try to think of another way, of another path but Maturin's dead and he can't help you anymore, so you're coming up blank. You stomach twists as the whole reality sinks in. You don't know what this change is…but if it's anything like what you think it is, then…

God fucking damn it.

As though reading your mind, Bob chuckles, looking remarkably smug as he makes to sit on your chair.

"Aww, no need for all those frowns. I promise you all that it's going to be quite fun. Let it not be said that I am a terrible guest!"

Noticing that his audience isn't being receptive, Bob coughs, before standing up and gently placing your sleeping child on the chair. "Eh, maybe you two need to talk a bit more about this. I'm just gonna get a snack or two. Try not to kill each other, all right? See ya kids!"

With a pop, Bob vanishes leaving the three of you alone.

3. Night Visit

You, Penny and Eggy barely slept that night. Despite running a high fever and suffering from bruised pride, Penny insisted on staying awake with you. He had taken to keeping a baseball bat by the side of your bed, occasionally pacing whenever his restlessness takes him.

Part of you wants to join too, but you're exhausted, more so than usual and also coping with the wave of nausea that's threatening you. Eggy's twitchy and refusing to let you out of her sights, following you everywhere, even into the toilet.

You want to be angry at Penny, you do but it's coming from a place seeking blame than actual reasoning. He doesn't say it, but nobody, not even Penny had expected a former flame to suddenly pop back into his life, demanding to be instated as some sort of mentor for your child. Your mate did mention that you could be expecting some troubles when Eggy gets older, but he hints it's something akin to what human parents' call 'The Terrible Twos'. But now you find out that it's more dangerous than that and you both are at the mercy of an empowered Devourer to control it and that asshole is off doing God knows what!

Then there's the fact that people are going to start going missing again. What this means for Derry. Especially a certain recovering librarian whom you visit once in a while. Though it stings a little, you are glad that Mike and his friends had forgotten about you and Pennywise. You don't want the poor guy to find out that there's another horror lurking around. They gang deserve peace, untainted by horror. You hope that they don't remember this time. And that this Bob had the decency…wait no, er, at least the pragmatism to not start hunting around this particular Derry. You hope he do it on his own playground.

"He'd better. This not his grounds." Penny growls as you voice out your thoughts. "Though I won't say no if those brats come back and knock him around a bit."

"Was it ugly when you break up?" You ask. Penny ponders this for a while, then shakes his head.

"No. We just separated because neither of us got what we wanted. I just don't like that jerk swanning into my neighbourhood and butting into my family life." He explains, before patting Eggy on her head. "Also, he touched my daughter. He can rightly fuck off."

You smile at his protective streak before remembering why Bob came by, "But we need him?"

"Unfortunately…but don't worry. I'll make sure he does not exceed his welcome. We may need him, but that doesn't mean we have to accept him." Penny huff, before sniffling.

Then he continues pacing, occasionally checking out the windows and doors, even though both of you knew that Bob didn't need to knock to barge in.

"I'm sorry." Penny blurts out, after he lies down beside you, one arm wrapped around the bat and the other on the ice pack onto his forehead.

"Why are you sorry? This isn't your fault."

"I just – I don't know but it feels like it is?" he murmurs, eyes heavy from exhaustion.

You pat him gently, "Don't be silly, Pen, like you said, you parted ways. How were you supposed to know he'd pop up?"

"I just – I wish I wasn't so weak. I could have snapped him in two." He says quietly, burying him face into your shoulder. He sounds so defeated, like a child seeking approval.

"You're not weak. You're just human." You say, kissing him on top of his head.

"…I know." And he slips into sleep, tiredness finally takes him.

You keep awake though, partly because you don't want to be caught unawares and partly because your unborn baby, refuses to settle down.

Sometime past midnight, you had moved from your bed and settled

down with the toilet bowl as your pillow. You had lost count at just how many times you had vomited and eventually you cease flushing every time you're done because you don't want to waste water. Penny even rouses himself to accompany you, rubbing your back and making sure your hair is tucked away from your face.

"Gee, humans sure find ways to make this whole process nightmarish."

Any smart remarks you want to make are drowned as you bend over, hurling. At some point Penny says he's going to get some water for you and you're left alone, shaking and shivering.

You feel the urge again and pat your belly. You want to tell your body that this is ridiculous – you have *nothing* left to purge except for stomach acid and that's bad for your esopha-eosphe-organ tube damn it! But your body is all – fuck you bitch, hormones gotta hormones.

Eventually you hear Penny's quiet footsteps and a cool glass of water placed in your hands.

"Thanks sweetie…" you grab the glass, your fingers brushing against silken gloves.

You whip to your sides, eyes widening with horror as *Bob* smirks at you, "Why, sweetheart, you look like you'd seen a ghost!"

Before you can scream, Bob clamps one hand against your mouth and another on the hand that was holding the glass of water. You fight, kicking and snarling, your free hand scratching him, nausea forgotten as you attempt to hurt this asshole. Bob rolls his eyes and didn't even flinch, instead he tightens his grip, his blue eyes slowly turning yellow, rimmed with angry red, his fangs peeking from his mouth.

"Do stop, [Y/N], you're just embarrassing yourself."

You snarl against his hand, spitting into those silken gloves once last time before quieting, wishing looks can kill.

The clown leers at you, "Don't be rude. Here I am, bringing you a drink and you spit on me? For shame, [Y/N], for shame. Surely your mother taught you better?"

This asshole has the audacity to bring up your mother? You want to kick him again but your body shudders, your eyes water as another bout of nausea begins. As though sensing it, Bob releases you just as you spin and hurl once more. Your throat burns as the acid coats your insides and tears pour freely down your face because you don't want to feel this weak; this vulnerable towards a creature you hate. Worse is the quiet, comforting hushes Bob makes as he pats your back, as though he cares. Then he tips the cool water against your parched lips. You whine, wanting to refuse but as soon as the cold clear drink touches your tongue, you gulp them down eagerly, your body trembling all the while.

Bob slips his arms under your armpits and you keen feebly with protest as he adjust you into a more comfortable position against your bathtub. He hands you another tall glass of water. You're dimly aware that you finished the one he gave you before but your mind reminds you 'magic', so you down this one as well. Slowly, your mind begins to clear as your belly settles down. Bob had wrapped one arm around your shoulders, caressing it as he hums a circus tune under his breath.

It's peaceful, really. Your body relaxes under his ministrations and though it feels wrong, you can't help but sink into that embrace.

Both of you sit there for a while before you realise something.

"Where's Penny?" you ask, alarmed that your mate is taking a long time to get a glass of water.

"Oh, don't worry about him. Sent him to bed, y'see I was passing by when I heard you horking all over. Thought it'd be rude not to drop by."

Your body tenses but Bob laughs uproariously at your reaction.

"Don't worry, kid. I'm not going to hurt you! I'm here to make sure you're okay." He explains, patting your shoulder.

"I – I don't think I'm comfortable with that." You reply, trying to move away from his embrace. But while your mind wants to get out of it, your body is screaming for you to stay.

Bob tilts his head towards you, his lips forming a small smile, "I know. I mean, we kinda got off the wrong foot. I didn't mean to scare you but I can't help it…"

"…it's in your nature. I know, Penny said the same thing too." You say, remembering those exact same words, spoken while you were huddling under your bed covers, afraid for your life. Look at how far both of you had come.

"Heh, that's him all right." He muses, eyes staring into a memory older than your universe.

An awkward silence grew, got pregnant and gave birth to more awkward silences. You hope Penny is fine. You have a strange feeling that some reality warping is made because no way in seven hells would Penny take the whole ex talking to current flame bit lying down. But you're exhausted and your body seems to be more interested in falling asleep against Bob rather than flopping away. Part of you is angry that you don't have the strength to fight back but another is telling you to just go with it and hope the next time he doesn't jump in while your unborn child is wreaking havoc all over your innards. As though sensing your irritation, you feel the tell-tale signs of bile rising up again and your shoulder heaves from the strain.

Bob clucks sympathetically at you.

"Aww, poor Mama is sick. Here let me help you…" Bob says, moving to turn your back to him. You feebly try to reject him, not wanting to spend more time with this clown but as soon as those gloved fingers find its way to your shoulders you fucking melt because holy jesus – *it's so damn good.*

His fingers are amazing – Bob's hands move like some sort of balm upon your back. Each stress knot unfurling under his ministrations. True your body is basically jello at the moment but it is a good jello feeling, like after doing a good stretching or yoga or after a vigorous sex where both of you end up piled onto the surface, flushed and satisfied.

Except this is not sex but something so much like it but less messy.

You're aware that at some point you were moaning pleasurably and you really shouldn't because Bob keeps chuckling whenever you do.

"Poor, [Y/N], all stressed out. Look at you all high-strung. You just need someone to take care of you, don't you babe? Someone who knows how to take care of a lady." He murmurs as you half listen because DAMN you didn't know your lower back was that tense. Fingers presses gently against your skin, hitting you in the right spots. He massages your neck, your aching shoulders then down, down to your waist, taking care to press long, languid circles – just there. At some point Bob had gotten closer, you can feel him breathing down your neck but you're so far gone you don't realise that one of his hands had moved from behind you to caress your womb. His touch quells whatever flip-flopping your unborn baby was doing and you sigh with relief.

Not so when those gloved hands trail upwards and start cupping your breasts.

"What the fuck?" you yell, pushing away from Bob, hands akimbo against your chest protectively. Bob's blue eyes widen comically before he leered at you.

"Oh, oopsie." He says unapologetically.

"How dare you? That –" you splutter with indignation as you force yourself up and way from this asshole. Bob sneers at you before breaking into a guffaw at your reaction. This asshole, this sexual harassing asshole!

You don't wait for his excuses because nothing would make what he did remotely okay, you open your mouth to scream, "PEN-"

But Bob is faster, before you can finish he slams you against your bathroom wall, hand clamped firmly against your mouth. You glare, not caring that yellow eyes were glaring back. You try to kick him, struggling against his grip, you screams fiercely despite being muffled.

"Gee and here I thought we were getting along fine." Bob utters menacingly as you fight to escape.

"You know what sweet heart? I think you need a good night's rest. Nothing's worse than having a bad dream after a stressful day." He chuckles and you stop, frowning at his words before sleep, heavy and terrible sweeps across your eyes and before you can snarl, you slump forward, the last thing you hear is that odd, calming, hum…

4. Unexpected Visitor

Pennywise the Human remembered a lot of the way his life had been turned upside down. The day he first met Maturin, the day he met his mentor, the moment when him and his former flame parted ways and of course the day he woke from being dead to find himself stripped of his powers, reduced to a pathetic thing that must depend on another to survive.

He'd like to imagine, compared to his brethren, he had suffered the most amongst them. At least he never heard from another Devourer that they'd be reduced to a shambling, weak thing that can't even shapeshift. He'd deal with it. Eventually and it was not without trouble. At first, it was insanely difficult for him to adjust becoming human. He missed being able to see, to shift and know instinctively what to do, what to be. While he was glad to be alive, part of him wished he had ended up barred from this dimension. Another part is horrified, because deep down, it fears knowing by the time he gathered enough energy to become physical again, you and your child would be gone – forever. And even he does not know what happens to human souls that fades naturally. Life is not their domain and though they dance with death, they are never allowed to enter its kingdom. It is their law as an Eternal, his mentor warned him.

He was fortunate, he was given a second chance, to be able to be physical in a world that by right should be barred to him.

That does not mean he enjoyed finding out what it feels like to be mortal. To be constricted, to feel all these emotions that comes out of nowhere, no longer being able to do whatever he wants, whenever he likes without risking his life and his family. Those lessons were learned hard and it was not without moments when his mate nearly kicked his ass out or threaten to leave him in Derry unless he, quote "grow the fuck up" end quote.

So he learned patience, beyond what he usually does. He learned to watch and wait, to hide without glamour and to grin and bear the insults that he would never have tolerated before.

Eventually, though he's stuck in an upside down, he slowly learns to

walk right side up.

Until this morning.

Pennywise woke to his head feeling fogged up. For a while, as he brushes way his dreams, he wondered why exactly he feels so…tired. Well, more tired than usual. Then his eyes fall upon his daughter's sleeping form, her hair spread like a blanket beneath her.

Then he remembered…you were hurling in the toilet and he'd gone to get a glass of water…and then…and then…

Despite being stripped of his powers, it is wrong to assume Penny is completely human. He can sense his former strength spread wide all over Derry but he could not access it. Like a computer unable to connect to the internet without a wifi. The one time he tried, he ended up bed-ridden for a week, his nose gushing blood while his head made love to a chainsaw. Pennywise remembered how you had to practically bribe a doctor to see him, considering the fact that neither Penny nor Eggy are documented.

It was the first and only time he tried and afterwards he simply depending on Eggy to help him whenever they require a divine intervention.

This time he doesn't need to; he can sense something had meddled with his memories…no, not something – someone.

Penny growls, jumping out, ignoring his woozy head as he stumbles towards the toilet, hands clambering against the walls, pressing on light-switches as he slams against the bathroom door. He swings it open, wishing greatly that you'd be there…

It's empty.

Time stops, Penny takes in the empty glass of water, the smell of vomit and blinks again and again hoping you'd reappear.

The kitchen, yes, perhaps you're in the kitchen. Penny stumbles again, calling your name weakly, hoping to hear an answer. But the house remains silent and panic rises within him.

It's too early for you to leave work and no matter what you had always bid him and Eggy goodbye before going to the office. Always. Something feels wrong, off and it's pissing Penny off that he doesn't know what…

…except he does…

He may not have the power to confirm it but this stinks of Bob.

Fortunately, Penny doesn't have to use anything to confirm that hunch because his phone starts to ring. With a speed not used since forever, Penny rushes towards his phone and nearly melts with relief to see your name on it.

"[Y/N], where are you? Do you know how –"

"Hey, kiddo." Bob's raspy voice answers. Penny wishes, even to Matudick, that he could strangle someone over the phone.

"Where is she?" Penny barks, thinking of a million ways to flay someone.

Bob answers blithely, "Calm down, brat. She's at the hospital."

Penny feels as though someone had tossed him into a frozen pool. "What? How, why, *which hospital?*" he asks urgently.

"First of all – calm down."

"Don't you ask me to calm down you son of a bitch! If she's hurt, I swear to you, by the Crimson King, I will *end* you."

"Jeez, not even two years as a human and you're being all sappy. She's not dead, she just won't stop being sick. She spent the whole night vomiting non-stop, even I know that this isn't a normal pregnancy sickness."

Penny wonders if he could use the human imagination to snap Bob's legs into pieces, "So why didn't you wake me up? She's my mate! I should be the one taking her to the hospital – not you!"

"You're welcomed, dear. But you're sick too and *you, driving?* Do you

want her to die?"

"Fuck you!"

"Aww, it's kind of early but that's fine. Safe word's still 'Gunslinger' and I still go by 'Daddy'."

Penny wonders if he was ever this exasperating with you and makes a note to buy all that expensive chocolate from his commission just to make up for it.

"Hospital name." he demands through gritted teeth. Penny can hear Bob chuckling softly.

"Manners, brat."

"Hospital name, *please."*

"It's the Derry General Hospital. Room 47. Oh, and by the way you may want to hurry, I'm no expert with mothers but I don't think hers is impressed that you're not here." With that Bob hangs up, leaving Penny to stare at his phone with horror.

5. A Glimmer of Cigars

You hear the bell ringing and you know that you're in that place, between realms of awake and dreams. For once you're kind of excited. The few times you were here you were able to meet up with Eggy, then the kindly Maturin…

And then you sensed it…a small glimmer, a sparkle of life, of something not quite human but very much so.

Your unborn child sings quietly in the place and you listen to it. Your child sings of happiness, of the sun in the sky, the cooling wind and the songs of life. It comforts you and you feel the twist in your soul carefully unravel as you sigh in contentment. There's bliss here and you feel like you can just listen to it forever.

"*Mama, come back…"*

Eggy's soft voice beckons you and the place begins to melt as your mind tugs you back to reality. That sparkle, your unborn child, sings softly like a farewell as you're awakened. You don't want to leave, not really but at least you are comforted by the fact that you'd see your child soon.

With one final ring you wake.

You see copper hair, Eggy, who is lying on your chest, grumbling as she holds on to you. Her white eyes – the ones she uses for her human form – blinks at you.

"Darling…" you rasp. Your throat winces and Eggy, sensing your pain quickly shove a glass of cold water to your lips. The liquid slide smoothly down your parched throat and soon it is empty. Eggy quickly refills it and passes it back to you.

"Drink Mama, the doctor said you need to drink a lot." She says and at the word doctor, you're suddenly aware that you're not at home. White ceiling, walls and blankets and the scent of antiseptic so reminiscent of hospitals invades your senses. Your right arm feels stiff and you find an IV drip attached to it.

You're baffled, wondering how you ended up here when you remembered…

…soft hands…and a hum that's both soothing and strange…

You shoot up, ignoring the sharp pain in your head as you look around the room and see…

"Mom?"

Your mother, so small and tired snaps awake at the sound of your voice. Quickly, she rises to her feet and envelope you in a warm hug that you didn't realise you had missed.

"[Y/N], baby, how are you feeling?" she asks. Your mother looked terrible, her eyes were red and her usually meticulous appearance is marred by her dishevelled clothes and the fact that she's here sans make-up. Your mother almost never leaves home without being dolled up. The one time she didn't was when both of you found out that your father had been hospitalized after being hit by a truck.

"I'm…okay, just thirsty…" you reply, wincing from the dryness in your mouth.

"Here Mama," Eggy says, carefully tipping the glass of water to your grateful lips.

For a while, the only sounds you hear is the water sloshing in the glass as you look around for the last member of your family.

As though sensing your query, Eggy speaks up, "Dada got kicked out – he made too much noise with baldy-head." You nearly choke on your drink but manage to finish the glass without spilling it everywhere. Eggy gives you a cheeky smile and you wonder if she actually did call Bob 'baldy-head' to his face.

Your mother snorts, "Honestly. Here you are sick and they both couldn't stop arguing. It's quite shameful." Your mother shakes her head as she fluffs your pillows.

Dread grows in your belly, "What did they argue about?" Your mother scowls and you nearly flinch from her gaze.

"Well, Bob said that Penny shouldn't have come, that he was sick and shouldn't be around you. Penny insisted on staying and that if he's sick the hospital is the best place to be. Then both of them started arguing about who should stay and who should go, they got quite loud so I told get to take it outside!"

You sigh because of course Penny would argue – it's sweet but you really wish he was here right now.

"Um…why am I here, Mom?" you ask.

"Well, apparently Bob noticed that you couldn't stop vomiting so he brought you here. The doctor said you have a severe form of morning sickness. You were so dehydrated sweetheart that you were becoming delirious."

"Oh…wait, *Bob* brought me here?" you ask because how the fuck was it *Bob* was the one who brought you to the hospital. Penny might be sick but you doubt he'd allow his erstwhile lover to do something like that. Penny is anything if not protective. Eggy hisses, her hands clench tightly.

"Dada was sick and had to take care of me," she explains, leaving 'then Bob kidnapped Mama' because how the fuck would you explain the weird ass situation you're in. Dear Mom, Bob's my boyfriend's ex-boyfriend who is soon to be mentor to my future adopted daughter but is actually my biological daughter via said boyfriend because alien genetics? Also Bob kinda kidnapped me but please don't call the cops, he might eat them for lunch.

Sorry for hiding that shit Mom.

Oblivious to your thoughts your mother focuses on Eggy, smiling fondly at your child.

"I'm sorry sweetie, are you feeling better?" she asks and Eggy nods, beaming, "Yes, Dada takes good care of me and Mama."

Although your mother's still smiling, you see her lip twitch, no doubt thinking of the fact that Penny caused such a ruckus he got kicked out along with Bob.

This was not how you wanted her to meet him. In your mind, you imagine sitting in your (spotless) living room, with Penny making child-friendly jokes and being all fatherly and sickeningly sweet with you, showing your mother that despite his past that he's a good person for you, a person who loves you.

You getting hospitalised after being abducted by Bob was nowhere near your plans.

Plus, 'severe morning sickness'? Really universe? Pregnancy on its own is bad enough but you're given severe morning sickness?

As though sensing your complaints, your stomach twists again and you feel the tell-tale nausea burning up your throat. Your mother quickly grabs an empty bucket nearby and shove into your arms, just as your stomach purges whatever meagre content it has. Soft hands, small and large quickly rub your back, Eggy crooning sympathetically as you heave and shake, tears escaping your eyes from the effort.

A tingle of magic climbs up your spine but Eggy's efforts feel futile and if anything it seems to make the urge grow even worse. Your moan pitifully, twitching and shaking your head, hoping she'd understand. Thankfully she stops and resumes rubbing your back.

You want to comfort her but unfortunately your body has other ideas. Violent ideas.

Eventually your mother calls for the nurse as it becomes evident that you were stopping only for a quick drink before vomiting again. The nurse, a Valkyrie build woman, carefully hands you some pills, saying it would help with the nausea. You still heaved afterwards, necessitating her to inject you because you're vomiting it back out.

As your body shakes and shivers you can't help but recall that sparkle and hope that you'd see it again in your dreams.

Pennywise glares at his former lover as he paces around the sitting room, ignoring the alarmed looks the other patients were giving him. Despite the venomous glances Penny sends his way, Bob continues to peruse one of the magazines in the area, only the tiny curl on his lip

betraying the fact that the second clown is secretly enjoying your lover's discomfort.

Pennywise ought to be with you, by your side but Bob had to open his stupid mouth, saying that Penny ought to go home cause he's sick and it might spread to you. What an idiot – the hospital is the best place for sick people, he argued but Bob called him a brat and fuck his stupid head and the next thing he knew your mother ordered both of you to get out and cool down.

Him, ordered by some wispy old crone! But the woman is your mother and Penny knows that if he so much as hurts the woman, you'd come out and strangle his neck with the IV drip.

God, he's be so turned on by the thought. But for the sake of peace, he followed out, taking comfort that at least Bob is out here with him too.

It was then, through gritted teeth, he asked Bob just what the fuck is going on.

Last night, after realising that you simply won't stop vomiting – even after you were knocked out, to his dismay – Bob brought you to the hospital. Apparently you have something called 'hyperemesis gravidarum', a severe form of morning sickness that can lead to dehydration and delirium. They were lucky that she was brought in so early because the doctor said you were practically a prune by the time of admission. Your mother was called because she was on your emergency list. She took the next flight to Bangor, then drove to Derry hospital, before Bob finally realised to call you.

"You should have woke me up the instant you knew something is wrong." Penny spits, clenching his fists so hard he almost drew blood.

"I told you –"

"*Stop bullshitting me!*" Penny roars, slapping the magazine away from Bob's hands. The two of them stare at each other, Penny clenching and unclenching his fists while Bob steeples his hands, eyes solemn. Several patients scuttle away as one of the nurse walks up to them.

"Sir, I'm going to ask you to please quiet down. You're disturbing the other patients." The woman said coldly and before Penny could tell her to shut the fuck up, Bob grabs him by the arm and without so much as a by your leave, drags the taller man away from them. Penny tries to pull away but Bob's grip is iron strong as despite his efforts, digging his heels and trying to fall, Penny is pulled to a quieter area of the hospital. Before he could protest, Bob shoves him into a janitor closet, then slams the door shut.

Penny whirls about so shout when Bob slams the taller man against the door, both his hands holding his shoulders.

"Listen you brat. Your little wifey is sick, and not just physically sick, spiritually sick too! If you'd take one second to get that head out of your ass you would know that her body, her *soul* is straining from taking care of three lives." Bob growls, his blue eyes burning yellow in anger. Penny hisses, trying to pull Bob's hand's away.

"I –" he starts but Bob shoves him again.

"*No, you can't!* You're fucking *human*! You can't even use a pinch of your powers without killing yourself. And as pleasurable as that is to see you flopping like some dying fish, I'd rather not see you waste away the only young ones of that calibre because you're too fucking proud!" Bob all but roars.

Penny's golden eyes narrows as he struggles against the clown's grip, "I did not ask to be this way!"

"I know you don't and fuck that senile reptile for reducing you to…to *this.* But for fuck's sake you dolt, I'm here to *help* you."

"Really? Because I think you're definition of 'help' needs fixing."

"I took her to the hospital –"

"No, you trolled her, then you intruded on my hunting grounds, fought my daughter and then fucked with my mind."

"Okay, to be honest your child started that first and you tried to offer that glass of water to a potted plant last night."

Penny blinks, ceasing his struggle, "What?"

Bob sighs and gives Penny a disappointed look.

"Yes, it was sad to watch. Your poor mate is hurling all over the place and you spent five minutes trying to offer water to a plastic plant. If I weren't there she'd probably start seeing that toilet bowl as a pillow."

The taller man's shoulder drops and sensing that he wasn't going to get punched or anything, Bob releases him.

"Being human sucks." Penny claims unhappily.

"Yup but they're delicious as hell though," Bob mutters, patting Penny sympathetically.

"I mean, first I had to contend with no powers…then apparently there's this called *'refractory period'* and you have to obey their stupid laws and you can't just kill someone and will it away. It's torture!" the taller man ranted as the clown nods understandingly.

"I didn't think Matu-dick had it in him. He was always lazy and was so determined to just keep watch and that *stupid* rhyme…" Penny continue before turning to Bob, "I mean is yours?"

Bob sniffs, conjuring up a cigar, "Mine died some time ago. Choked on some galaxies apparently,"

"You lucky bastard."

"I know. Got me some free time and that's when I heard about your little situation here." He taps his cigar that was not setting off the fire alarm. Bob stares at the smoke for a moment, contemplating his next words.

"Look, I know I got off on the wrong foot…"

Penny waves him off, "It's all right. I would have done the same."

"Really?" Bob smirks as Penny grins cheekily at him.

"Well, I'd do it with more finesse, of course."

"Sure you do. Before or after you persuade a plastic plant to drink water?"

"Oh, fuck off."

Then the both of them broke into laughter. It was so loud they attracted the attention of a passing nurse. Who promptly demanding a day off because all she saw when she swing the door open, was an empty closet…reeking of cigar smoke.

6. Smokes and Mirrors

Author's Notes: Okay. I actually had trouble with this chapter. I wrote like...several versions of these and then got hit by a bout of depression and it was extremely difficult for me to write anything comedic. But as soon as I said, I'd go on a hiatus, this kept nagging me and I'm forced to write it. Maybe it's cause I decided on a hiatus, IDEK. But here it is. Please enjoy it.

You were discharged after a few days. In a miracle (that you thank Maturin for), your mother, Eggy, Penny and Bob managed to keep civil with each other. Although you are still ticked off by Bob's tit fists, you decide to forgive him…for now. At this moment you're busy trying to eat and remain hydrated and it was only after a regime of medication and diet that would make your insurance policy weep, that you were allowed home with a week off for you to recover.

Your mother stayed by your side most of time, making sure you're eating and drinking well. Bob and Penny would leave whenever Eggy began to show signs of straining. And also because they both need to start cleaning the Animal Eating Room aka Your Former Guest Room, to prepare for your mother. Although some part of you were worried because the last thing you need is to explain the why the fuck you have an abattoir in your house, Penny ensured that it's completely spotless. He showed you the pictures.

Most of the time you were out of it, however, slipping into that dream state, watching that soft glimmer that is your second child.

It was only because of this that you were unaware of Penny distress when he found himself locked in said guest room, hooked up to a lying detector with your mother staring him down like he's a convicted felon.

He's blaming Bob for this because Eggy is asleep in her attic hideaway with an excuse she's off with Bob – who is actually off hunting in his actual dimension.

Penny had always thought your mother was a mother type albeit one

not beholden to his powers of apathy. She's exudes a warmth that comes from someone who loves unconditionally and always have a kind word and soft smile when it comes to you and Eggy. She had made polite talk, asking about his work, if he has eaten or what Eggy was doing. So he made the assumption that everything is fine between them and didn't think much when she asked him for help with something in the guest room.

The next thing he knew, he was handcuffed to a chair, wires lining his arms to a machine, and your mother peering down on him like a hawk. It happened so quickly that he had to admit he wasn't even mad, but rather impressed.

It was only because of that he didn't start screaming because his mind is too boggled to be anything but.

"So…" your mother starts, steepling her long fingers, "Penny Wise, was it?" she says, uttering his words like it's a curse.

"Erm…[M/N]…?" he starts but your mother cuts him off.

"In here you shall address me as Mrs. [L/N]." she says coolly and something in her tone gives Penny a pause.

He looks at her, really looks.

Gone was the kind warmth, the soft smile; your mother's eyes hardened and her shoulders stiff and her lips thinned with displeasure. He knows this look, it was the look he often used whenever you were being stupid. Except it was being used on him.

Confused, he stares at her again, "…I don't understand, why am I cuffed?"

"Security, also don't bother screaming. My daughter and Agnes won't be coming to help you." She explains and that caught his attention.

"What did you do?"

"Just some sleeping pills, can't have anyone interrupting. And your cousin Bob shall not return until late this evening."

Fucking Bob, off to whenever, Penny tries screaming for his former mate but the clown must have gone back to his dimension and is off the grid. FUCK. Of all times.

"I don't – let me go! You have no right-" he starts, his blood burning with anger. How dare this woman tie him up, in your home! But your mother slams her fist onto the table, eyes blazing.

"No, *you listen,* whoever the fuck you are." She starts, any pretense of politeness fading away. "You may have fooled my daughter but you will have to try harder to pull the wool over my eyes." Then without warning, she slowly opens her jacket to reveal a handgun strapped to her hip, a tazer and…is that *butcher's knife?*

Penny goggles at the weapons and look back into your mother's face because this woman doesn't even reach his chest and is tinier than a chipmunk and somehow managed to hide all these things…under a *thin jacket?*

What the shit?

He once peruse your memories, kept them even when he had to let go most of his knowledge after being depowered. Not once in your memories did your mother (or your late father) exhibit any signs that they were anything but average bourgeois with an average life.

Now, she's acting like she's a fucking spy? And where the hell did she keep the lying detector? She had only one small suitcase!

Then, something clicks in his mind and he snarls, "Bob, are you fucking with me?"

"Excuse me?" Your mother – no – Bob-Mother raises her eyebrow because of all the thing she had expected, that was no it. Penny scoffs because FUCK THIS ASSHOLE, if he wants to troll *fine* but Penny has work to do cause unlike a certain reality shifter he needs to earn money! Especially since he discovered just how much everything costs!

"Listen you ass, I have work to do, if you want to play do it later!"

Bob-Mother frowns, her lips curls with distaste, "I assure you, your

cousin 'Bob' will be dealt with later."

"No, un-cuff me, right now! I have a commission to finish!" Penny starts, rocking the chair back and forth as he tries to stand. The machine whines as he pulls away, that was until something sharp zooms past him and a *scalpel* sink itself into the door with a twang.

Penny freezes, staring at the blade uncomprehendingly before he feels something cool jabbing him in the back. He didn't need to turn to know that it was the gun.

"Sit down, Mr. Wise. I'd rather not end this with violence." Your mother, now standing, eyes hard as Penny slowly turns around. For the first time since forever, he felt that awful *primal fear* that he thought he'd never feel again. It was like Billy standing in front of him, the stutterer's hands wrapped around his heart, crushing in with one final squeeze.

This wasn't Bob. He knows it, deep, deep down that this woman standing in front of him is one-hundred percent human.

Slowly Penny sits down, eyes focused on the gun. Then with a flick she tightens your cuffs and adjusts the wires again. Satisfied she puts the gun on the table, near enough towards her but far enough that there's no way Penny would reach out and grab it without her hurting him. He ponders if he could scream for help, call Eggy but no, he will not put his daughter in danger.

"Good. I have a few questions for you and this machine will tell me if you're telling the truth or not." She explains as if he's a young, stupid child. He bites back a retort and nods instead, fighting the urge to kick this bitch in face.

Smirking, she switches it on before turning back to face him, "Is your name Penny Wise?"

"Yes." He answers, keeping his voice even. The machine didn't twitch because honestly he is Penny Wise at this point.

"Are you really thirty-five years old?"

"…yes." Which was also true because that's how old this form is.

"Hmm, is Agnes Wise your child?"

"Yes." And on and on the questions went. Your mother asks about what he does, where he came from and the machine continues to twitch as it goes on. Occasionally, she'd make a quick mark on the paper the machine is spewing, before proceeding to the next question. They were basic queries, ones a parent would ask a lover of their child, and Penny wouldn't have minded this because you and him did sit down and create a simple and realistic background about his existence. However, he draws the line at being handcuffed and threatened at point blank range.

After a while, your mother stops, peering over the jagged lines that was his answers before tossing it aside.

"According to this, you're truly a thirty-five year old widower with a young child, who works as a freelance costume maker," she expounds and Penny stares back hoping she wasn't going to go where he thinks she's going with this line of thought.

"You were born here, raised here and yet there's not a single document in this state or country proves you or your child *exists."* She states, slamming her palm onto the table, her eyes piercing him as if she wants to peel him open like a grape.

Fuck, FUCK, this was something you two were planning to do but procrastination and also because none of you know anyone who could forge such things meant that it was laid on the wayside. Also because since all three of you were introverts, it slipped your mind; Penny's old powers ensure the apathy remained when it came to your family in Derry.

Except your mother is from Washington is apparently a super-secret agent because what the hell, right?

Steeling himself, he glares back at this woman. *No.*

This woman won't browbeat him. He may be stripped of his powers but his tongue can still spin lies.

"I told you, my parents were *hippies*. They didn't believe in the

government and didn't register me."

Your mother scoffs, "And yet, nobody in this town knew about you until two years ago." Narrowing her eyes, she continues, "I can excuse the lack of identification but Derry is a small town and for a place where everybody knows everybody, I sincerely doubt even *you* escaped any attention for thirty-three years prior to the last two years in this town."

"I like to keep to myself." He excuses, not once flinching.

"A tall, handsome man like you? I doubt you don't register in anyone's minds."

This is Matu-dick's fault, Penny would *never* be in this situation if the fucker hadn't cursed him with such a beautiful, handsome face.

Racking his mind for a reply, your mother clucks her tongue, her hand wrapping around the gun.

"[Y/N] is my *only* child, Mr. Wise. She can be quite stubborn and blind when it comes to matters of the heart." She states, fingers tightening around the weapon. Penny can understand, honestly, he spent centuries toying with human emotions, finding delight in seeing souls crumble with despair as he feeds on their loved ones. Some part of him likes to think him making them forget was because it was out of the kindness of his heart. Also numbed soul is difficult to scare and season anyway. Better to erase and scare a new.

"I assure you, Mrs. [L/N], I only want what's best for her, for our child." He says, meaning it. You are his mate and bearer of his offspring. He was many things but even he has standards.

Your mother gives the machine a quick glance and Penny hoped it showed just how sincere he is…because he'd rather not find out just how much getting shot *stings.* He still remembered Billy Boy, trash-mouth and germ boy biting him piece by piece. It was humiliating.

A moment passes before your mother's hand, *finally,* moves away from the gun and she crosses her arms, eyes narrowing at him.

"Prove it."

You woke later to the smell of your favourite meal and for once you don't feel like hurling all over the place.

"Hi, sweet-heart," your mother coos, placing the tray of food onto your bed. You try to sit up and your mother fluffs your pillow before wiping your clammy forehead. You lean into her touch, smiling.

"Hey, mom," you reply eyeing the darkening skies out of your window, "How long was I out?"

"Since morning," Penny answers, sitting beside you, pecking your cheeks.

"Damn…I'm starving." you say as you move towards the food. As soon as it touches your tongue, you begin to gobble it down like a starving beast (which you kind of are). So into your food, you don't notice the look exchanged between them.

Eventually, you cleared everything out, took your medication and some hot ginger tea to go with it. Penny makes to take the tray but your mother jumps in first.

"Oh no, let me do this honey. Let me spoil you for once." She says, before turning to the man sitting beside you.

"Penny."

"[M/N]."

Satiated, you move to snuggle against Penny but the man slides off, holding your hands as he kneels to the floor, his face serious.

"Penny?"

"[Y/N]," he starts staring at you with such intensity that you can't help but worry. "I want to do right by you."

What.

Your brain, still gathering energy from the meal you just ate jumpstarts and you feel a flip-flop in your belly that you know isn't

from the nausea. Quietly, Penny pulls something out of his pocket – some square – something *hand sized.*

"What, what are you doing?" you demanded but Penny grip was tight, as his other hand move to open the box to reveal a beautiful, blue sapphire ring.

"[Y/F/N]," he says solemnly, "Will you marry me?"

7. Why Is This Happening?

Last chapter in "Meet the Parents (It Style)"...

"*[Y/F/N]," he says solemnly, "Will you marry me?"*

Once upon a time, in a Macroverse quite near to ours, there lived an eldritch creature, who likes to sleep.

A lot.

It's made out of Deadlights, things that contain such horror and wonder that no mortal mind can view it without destroying itself.

For no mortals can survive it, not unless the Creature's counterpart, the kind and gentle Maturin or the Other, would deign to interfere. Alas due to their natures, they are unable to, for their duties were to observe and watch, to their great grief and sorrow.

And so, It consumed and spread Its horror with impunity for Its nature is of wickedness; It only cared to sate Its unending appetite before slumbering for all eternity.

It found itself upon our world, by accident. (Because even in Its imagination It never though a fucking asteroid would smack It in the face).

But oh what a happy accident it was for though our world was but a speck in the eyes of universe, it soon became home to a species that thrived upon the one thing the creature loved: *imagination.*

For centuries It hunted us, keeping a cycle of awakening, hunt, eat and sleep. Though the rules of the world bound it, for all things are to be ruled, it was still strong and powerful enough that no creature in our world could possibly hope to defeat it.

Unchallenged, it grew arrogant and forgot the one rule that all predators must learn: for even prey may one day *fight back.*

And they fought and for the first time in Its long, long life, it was

nearly defeated. Worst it was by the weakest of Its prey, children, whose life was not even a glimmer in the universe's eyes. Driven to slumber and starvation, it woke again, to seek vengeance. But, after ages of simply watching, Its brethren, for the first time, interfered.

Since then, the creature had known not only fear but a semblance of something It never thought It'd ever feel.

Though It would never admit it, it was only because of that that It still roamed this world, albeit bound by flesh and blood.

And for the past two years, the creature, known as Pennywise had come to accept his new life. Struck down in mortal form, he must trudge this world, bound as he was until one day he's able to return. But he won't do it alone.

He has you, his young one and another on the way…

And like before, he became more confident and comfortable with the life he has now. True, they were moments – like that time with the duck – but he knew that he had a family he can come home too.

Until now…

Pennywise had seen you lose your temper only a handful of times (And no being dumped didn't count because it was done via text) Granted, some of them wasn't his fault – how was he supposed to know that ducks and geese don't get along? Also, it's his moral imperative to show to amateurs at the haunted house *how* to scare people. And he really didn't *mean* to set that float on fire – why were they so flammable?

Okay maybe it was…a tiny bit…but hey, he paid the fines, even if they were the ones that Eggy refused to magically erase because "It's wrong, Dada."

But, Pennywise is digressing…

For all your neuroses, you were for all purposes quite laidback.

You had taken the whole "torturing, murdering and eating children"

quite calmly and even adjusted to a life with two technically illegal aliens (literally in his case) and a multi-limbed half-eldritch child with aplomb.

Not much can get under your skin…until…

"*[Y/F/N], will you marry me?"*

Your face turns pale and your jaw drops as you stare at him.

And stares and stares…and keeps staring.

…which should have been the cue for him to put away the ring and pretend it was a big funny joke, "*HAHAHAHA, you should have seen your face [Y/N]!*" but there is a crazy woman outside the door, probably hiding an AK-47 under her sundress and by the King, he'd rather face you instead.

Still, your eyes have gone blank and it reminded Pennywise of those borne by his floating victims. He waves his free hand in front of your face.

"[Y/N]? Um, hey – ow, *OW*, *MY HAND!*"

Pennywise winces as he tries to wrench his other hand even as your fingers tightened further. He cries out but stops when he sees your eyes; they are alert, narrowed and burning with rage. An apology begins forming in his mouth, before you snap your head towards the door and lets out an earth-shattering scream.

"***MOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!"***

Farewell, left ear, Pennywise thought to himself.

Despite cradling his deafened appendage, he is still aware when the door swings open to reveal a rather stricken older woman, who eyes her daughter warily.

"Honey, you can wake the dead with that scream." She says blithely.

Releasing Penny's (mangled) hand, you rise to your feet and eyes piercing through her.

"Did you put him up for this?" you hiss and Penny had to admire your mother's acting skills; the woman looks bewildered as she steps forward, one hand reaching out for you.

"Put him up for what, honey?" she asks, expression confused. Before Penny can blink, you snatch the ring from his hand, shoving the object right under your mother's nose.

"*This bullshit* Mom." You growl. You mother's eyes widen before she breaks into a wide smile.

"Oh my goodness! Penny proposed?" she squealed, eyes darting from you to Penny. Either out of ignorance (unlikely) or joy, your mother grabs you into a tight embrace, nearly jumping with joy.

Penny watches as your face turn stonier with each excited jump, "Mom." You say coldly but she ignores the tone of your voice.

"This is wonderful! My daughter is getting married!" your mother exulted.

"Mom-"

"And just in time too! I know a venue that would be just *perfect* for the wedding!"

"Mom, I –"

"It will be a fall wedding, of course! I know how much you hate summer heat but a winter wedding would be far too late!"

"MOM!" you shout, snapping both arms onto her shoulders.

"*I am not getting married."* You spit, digging your fingers into her flesh.

Your mother freezes, pulling away from you, her eyes narrowed and lips pursed in disapproval.

"Darling, think of the baby." She says softly.

"Don't. You don't get to decide when I get married."

"Oh, honey, you can't –"

You press a finger against her lips, "No, Mom. Penny and I have discussed this, and I get to decide the marriage and right now I am *not* getting married!"

Your mother frowns, "[Y/N]…you can't –" she starts when suddenly, her eyes roll to the back of her head. Penny barely catches you as your mother slumps forward into your arms, unconscious. You panic as the three of you slide slowly to the floor and Eggy steps into your room, pale and trembling.

"Mama," your daughter utter weakly, "I don't feel so good."

If you had to describe the next few hours it would be confusion, utter confusion. Eggy promptly fell to the floor and started humming drunkenly, according to Penny. You panicked, of course because Eggy was clammy and cold until Penny stated that their daughter is simply drunk due to a reaction to the sleeping drugs your mother had slipped to Eggy.

"Come again?"

Penny cradles Eggy, eyes flaring with anger as he explains.

Eggy was drugged by your own mother, who apparently took a level of badass since the years you left Washington and threatened bodily harm towards your lover if he didn't propose to you because no grandchild of hers would be born a bastard.

Your mother.

Your mother who grew up in the Seventies, who once danced naked in the streets and cried over gay swans and romantic movies is now a knife throwing, sadistic maniac who nearly beheaded Pennywise and has apparently become concerned about the sanctity of marriage and the legitimacy of her grandchildren?

Your mother?!

If not for the serious way Penny is staring at you, while cradling your

daughter (who's busy making 'pew pew' noises) and for the fact that he stated that no, it's not Bob ("He's not *that* creative"), you might think that this is some sort of cosmic joke.

A big fat cosmic joke when you're pregnant and are barred from downing that bottle of wine you had bought months ago.

Penny passes you a pillow and you slam it into your face as you scream and scream because this is some bullshit and why is this happening to you and your family? Why can't anything just be *normal* for once? You try to think of reasons how she could have ended up this way? Both of you had been crushed when your father passed away, and then her with you when you gotten the job in Derry and accepted.

She thought it was too soon but you wanted to go, partly because the pay is good and partly because you just want to be anywhere but your hometown. True, you should have visited more but you were busy and despite having more free time, your mother loathed travelling here. Yes, your communications became sporadic through the years but could she have changed so much?

Did you miss something? Your mother was an accountant for Christ's sake! She couldn't even harm a fly much less learn how to fight!

But, a niggling voice at the back of your head cry out, did you *know* her?

People change. Penny is solid proof of that (sort of), both of you were still grieving after you parted. You plunged straight into your job (and booze) and your mother - who despite having friends and large extended family – might have channelled hers towards self-defence. You recall her saying she wants to try kung-fu or karate or whatever but you never put stock to it, knowing that your mother's gentle nature; who didn't like hurting anyone, even in her own defence.

Except you should have, you should have visited more, called more, anything because in your absence your mother had morphed into someone paranoid and crazy enough to drug a child!

With one final muffled shriek, you throw the pillow across the room

where it lands forlornly next to your mother.

Penny scoots near you, freeing one arm to grasp your shoulder. You lean into his chest, careful not to crush Eggy who begins to play with your hair.

"She'll be fine, right?" you ask, gently touching Eggy's cheek, wincing at just how clammy it feels.

"Yes, just let it flush out of her system and she'll be fine."

You sigh and turn up as Penny plants a quick kiss on your nose before his lips twists in anger.

"I want her out."

And you agree, because mother or not – there's no way you could forgive her for threatening your lover and your child.

"Yeah, once she's up, I'll tell her to leave." You say. Penny quirks an eyebrow in surprise.

"What?" you ask.

Shaking his head, he replies, "No, I just thought I'd have to fight you about this."

"She drugged Eggy and threatened you. Mother or not, I don't want her under my roof. She's lucky we can't press charges." You say, glaring at your mother's body. As though sensing you, your mother moans pitifully, stirring weakly. Penny sneers at her and for a moment you'd think he'd kick her but eventually the former alien clown walks out from the room, content at knowing that you're on his side.

You plop your ass on your bed, arms crossed as you prepare to face your mother.

You don't notice a pair of blue eyes surrounded by white glaring outside your bedroom window before they vanish with a soft pop.

8. Bells, Cigars and Blood

Sitting down, you try to summon up your anger towards your mother. Part of you is sort of surprised at just how easy kicking her ass out comes to you. You had expected some dredge of familial love would blind you. You've seen it, a child defending their misguided parents' actions because they are family and that their intent, though wrong, comes from a place of love.

But you don't. As soon as Eggy collapsed, cold and clammy, you knew – you knew you can't forgive your mother.

Your mother's eyes flicker open and you wait for her to get her bearings because you want her to know just how much she had fucked up. You want her to understand that she had crossed a boundary that could not be pardoned and that this was a hill you're willing to die on.

True you forgave Pennywise for a lot worst but at least he had the excuse that he was something beyond human morals. But your mother? Your mother should have known better.

"…where…? Where am I?" she asks, looking blearily around the room. Eggy must have knocked her out quite hard for her to forget, so you clear your throat and she whips her head towards you, eyes wide with confusion.

"[Y/N]? W-what?" she starts but you weren't moved; you remember Eggy's cold skin and the way Penny describe the threats she had spewed.

"Hello, mother. You have exactly one hour to get out of my house." You say quite easily. But your mother seem more intent at the state of your room, as though it has offended her somehow.

"…am I…am I in Derry?"

God, this again, you stand ups, crossing your arms to glare at her, "Yes. You'd better start packing because if not I won't hesitate to throw your shit out of my house."

Your mother pauses at that, scrunching her face in pain, "…d-d-Derry, how did I get here?"

"I don't know and I don't care."

Pushing herself of the floor, she shakes her head and stares at you, her eyes…

…her eyes are…confused?

"[Y/N]?" she asks again, almost as if…as if…

You frown, wondering what she's getting at when her eyes fixes itself upon your slightly swollen belly.

"Why are you pregnant?"

Your snort, "Because I had sex mom." You say blithely but your mother's eyes widen instead and you can't help but note that she seem…sincerely shocked.

"But – but how?"

"I told you-" you start again but she cuts you off, her voice pitched and hysterical.

"No, when did you get pregnant? How did I get *here*?"

Fury rises in you because you can't believe what she's trying to do, "Mom, cut it out with the act! Penny told me what you did and if you think you can weasel out by pretending to forget what happened then you have another thing coming!"

Your mother lurch forward, "But I don't understand! I was at home and – and – how did I get here? I was at home!" She tries to stand up and some of your anger ebb because for some reason, she looks genuinely distraught. As soon as she crawl up to her feet, a knife slips out of her dress.

And it wasn't just a knife either, it was a fucking butcher's knife, large and deadly. You can't help but be boggled by it because your mother's skinny and there's no way she could have hidden it under all

that dress. And you weren't the only one because you mother gaped at the weapon that slid out from her.

"What is that? Is that a knife?" she asks with fear.

"Jesus Christ, Mom. I can't believe you!" you start, kicking the knife aside.

Your mother flinches away as it skittered towards her, "Why was that in my dress?"

"I told you to stop it with the act!"

"Oh my god, I'm losing my mind! The doctor was right!"

Your freeze because you had to stop and look, *really* look at the woman in front of you.

"Mom?"

She spins towards you, her expression stricken with horror. Then quietly, she steps forward, raising one tentative hand towards you. You fight the urge to step back because something is wrong here and your stomach twists as her fingers taps your collarbone, softly and then insistently before she pulls her hand back.

"You're real." She utters quietly. So quietly you nearly missed it.

Your anger ebbs away but you still keep your wall up because part of you is relieved and scared, "Of course I am."

"Honey," Your mother, now vulnerable and familiar looks up to you, "I think…I'm losing my mind."

Pennywise did not take this revelation kindly.

"What do you mean she's *staying?*" he all but shouted.

You wince as you start to explain, "My mother's showing signs of dementia, it's –" but Penny waves on hand to stop you, teeth bared in anger.

"I know what that is! And I don't care!" He retorts and you understand – until you found out about your mother's condition you would have taken the same stance as well but you still push on.

"Penny, please, I know it sounds absurd but she's acting like my mom." You continue, "*My mom.* The one you saw in my memories." You try to emphasize but Penny is not having it.

"She could be lying! To cover her tracks!" Which is true but you believe deep down about her sincerity. Your mother is back in the guest room, still sobbing as she tries to figure out how she got all the way to Derry and there's no way she can fake that.

"And what if she's not? Huh? I can't just leave her like this!"

"Yes. You. Can. Dementia or not she *drugged* our daughter and tried to have me killed. I want her out!"

"Penny, please, let me just take her to the doctor and –"

"NO! And I can't believe you're risking my life and the life of our child for your mother! You said it's unforgiveable! *You. SAID*!"

"Yes, but that's before I found out about her brain failing her!"

"She's LYING!" This time he shouts and you fight the urge to cower from that voice. Instead you straighten up and raise your voice.

"Why are you being so fucking stubborn?"

An ugly sneer forms on his face, "Maybe because I'm the only one who fucking cares about our child's safety!"

You slap him.

Silence falls in the room as you realize what you had done. And judging from the way his eyes widen, Penny realized it too.

"…Penny…I…" you start but as he turns his face towards you, you stop. All your time with him Pennywise had always been expressive but this time there is nothing on him – just blank. A chill runs up your spine as he shakes his head.

"…fine." The softness stabs you harder than any screams. "Stay with your *mother* then." And then he turns and storms past you. You rush after him, apologies babbling past your mouth but Penny is determined to ignore you. Both of you walk towards Eggy who is lying asleep on the couch.

"Wait –"

"I'm taking her with me." He states, tucking her into his arms.

You grab his shoulder, "NO! She's my daughter too! You can't just *take her!"*

He shrugs you off, eyes narrowed, "I'm not leaving her here, not with someone who doesn't give a shit about her safety."

You open your mouth to retort but then you see it: blood trickle out from the corner of his eyes and nose and your ears starts to ring. You shriek, out of fear and anger because Penny, couldn't, *shouldn't use* his powers, it's too dangerous but he does not seem to care. You try to grab him, to make him stop but within a blink, the two of them *simply vanishes.*

A second ticks by before you realize that he's gone, your child's gone, vanished against all odds.

"No, no, no, NO!" you stammer, you run throughout the house, shouting for them both because surely Penny couldn't have gone too far – he couldn't have gone too far – not in his state. You checked every room, your bedroom, Eggy's attic hideaway, the living room and the dining room, screaming their names.

When you come to the horrific conclusion that they weren't there, you grab your car keys and storm towards the guest room where your mother is waiting.

"Mom, I'm sorry but I…"

The room is empty.

…no, not just empty – not even *used.*

You stare at the tucked in bed, the utterly clean floors and the missing luggage bag your mother had brought with you.

"…Mom?" you call out, as you circle the room. You remember leaving her here a few minutes ago and there was no way she could have cleaned up and left without you noticing. But as hard as you look, your mother is nowhere to be found.

Your stomach churns, because something is wrong, very wrong and then you hear it, the bells, your baby's bells chiming in dread.

"Well, looks like the jig is up," a voice, raspy and familiar echo around you.

You hear the chimes of bells, the scent of cigars and the feel of silken gloves catching you as your eyes grew heavy and the world turns to dark.

"*Penny."*

9. Cars and Rains

You were having a very good day.

You woke up feeling actually fresh and amazing before your alarm rang. The air was nice and cool and you managed to soft boil the egg just the way you like it. The traffic had been a breeze and work proceeded smoothly, especially since your least favourite co-workers had been assigned to another site for the time being. You managed to skip the long queue at lunch and even got a free muffin in the bargain. One of your favourite fanfictions had been updated and you even got a praise from your boss.

What a day to end the weekday.

It was amazing and awesome…then you went home. Thinking of taking advantage of good luck, you thought you might drop by the park, watch some birds and enjoy the breeze.

Then, as though mocking your plans your car began to sputter, then shake and wheeze before dying just as you pulled over by the side of the road.

You try twist you keys, hoping it would start but your car adamantly remained dead.

"Fuck!" you swore and made a move for the phone inside your purse; only to be met by something soft and silky.

"Boo!" the thing barked.

"HOLY SHIT!" you scream as your body recoils and your back slams against your car door.

Pennywise, your alien fuck-buddy, snickers at your distress, sending spit all over your dashboard.

"HUhahahaHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

"Jesus fucking Christ, you big asshole – you fucking *scared me!"*

"Ah, [y/n], you're so easy to scare," he mocks you, his ruffles jiggling as he pulls you close to him and kisses you.

He tastes like blood and sweetness and all things wrong but you melt anyway.

"Mine, nice and mine," he murmurs. Then his hands begin to wander past your face, your neck and down to the curves of your waist, insisting and urgent. Whatever your thoughts had been, to call for the tow-truck fled as he slips a finger into your pants and found your eager clit. You hiss and crush your mouth against his, grinding and bucking as you explore that mouth of his.

You half expect him to push you away, clench his fists into your hair and growl obscenities but he seems…nice today.

Even his ministrations are gentle, thoughtful. He even paused when your knee accidentally brushed over your gear stick, one hand carefully rubbing the sore spot away.

Except…

That wasn't what happened…you recalled him pulling you onto his lap as he impales you on his cock, ignoring how you winced as your head smacks the top of your car, as you grasp his shoulders, hissing and begging him to *slow the hell down.*

He laughed at your distress before teleporting you away, down to the sewers, onto that filthy mattress of his, as he tears the grey silken costume of his body…

No, yellow. Yellow, green and purple.

Not grey.

Pain shoots up your head and you hear bells, ringing loudly and a voice, small and crying out for you.

You recall copper not red, tall not stout and red lines marking his face not white, not the white expanse and blue eyes staring back. You recall being small and bullied and an egg, round and white and warm and yours and *his.*

Eggy?

As soon as you call that name, the cry silences.

Your heart twists because the silence feels wrong and you call out again, hoping you'd find her…

Your baby.

Then you hear it, a rasp, a growl and a voice deep and wrong.

And you're back in the car with Pennywise (white, fire engine red), staring at you.

"Babe?" he asks, concerned (except he rarely does in that form…), blue eyes frowning as he touches your cheek. He does that too but only when human…

But this Pennywise isn't human.

As though reading your mind, Pennywise's face twists into a sneer, "Geez, you're hard to crack sweet-heart, I can see why you stayed."

The world around you melt and you're no longer in the car, as leather and steel morphs into sewage and dampness. You fall on your ass, your brain reeling as you take in the clown in front of you.

Not him. Not *your Pennywise. Bob BOB LIAR LIAR KIDNAPPER*

Like a rubber band, something in your memories snaps and you *remember.*

Your mother. Except not.

The slap. Pennywise. Your Pennywise *walking off with your daughter because you wanted to help your mother. A mother who wasn't there. A mother who was* never *there to begin with.*

Bob.

The clown, the kidnapping asshole had the temerity to look smug as he levels his face to yours. You snarl, wanting to scratch his face off

but your body stiffens, frozen by an unseen power as he chuckles, patting your cheek quite fondly.

"C'mon babe, I am so much better than Junior, just let me in." he says as he licks those thin red lips.

You want to swear, to scream and demand him to *let you go* but just like the rest of you, your mouth is frozen shut. Bob snickers, turning to cup his ear towards you.

"What's that?" he starts, before pitching his voice higher, "*Sure thing Bob! I need a real clown to take care of me. Not Loser McBuck Tooth! Why, he can't even satisfy me anymore, not like you can!"* the clown mocks, before slapping his knees uproariously.

It hurts to watch. Yes, Penny can be a complete ass at times and has an ego that needs to be knocked a bit but he is *your Penny*. Amazingly smart and dumb at the same time, simultaneously selfish and selfless and exasperates and calms you the same.

And fuck Bob for mocking him, for mocking Penny for being human. Especially since Penny had vouched for him, had trusted the being who was once his mate with his family.

As much as it hurts you when he first did, you're glad that Penny took Eggy away from you. At least she's safe while you try to figure out how the hell to escape. You don't know why Bob kidnapped you and frankly, you don't give a shit because once you're free, pregnancy or not, you are going to tear this clown apart.

If a bunch of pre-pubescent children can take down Pennywise at his prime, so can you.

Once this fucker start playing fair.

Bob ceases his laughter, before wiping a tear from his eyes.

"Aww, toots, you don't have to lay it thick. I'll take care of ya…as soon as I tweak a few things in that brain of yours." He declares, before swooping in to peck a slobbery kiss against your lips.

You strain, screaming for your body to move, *do something* as Bob's

eyes began to glow, burning and fiercely before your mortal mind *shrieks*.

Mike Hanlon was having a really bad day.

First he woke up late, then in his rush to reach the library, his car accidentally hit a curb. When he reached the front desk, he found out that the internet is broken and his computer had decided to bid adieu to him because *someone* just had to download porn. He had to dig out a fossil of a machine that didn't even recognize any browser but Internet Explorer and hasn't been updated since before Derry learned about the internet.

Also, someone masturbated in the history section, *again* and he accidentally dropped his lunch into an open drain because his shoelaces snapped. Then, as if sensing the dearth of the internet, it seems like all of Derry's elderly decided today was the day that just had to have this one book – no they don't know the title or the author but it had a red cover and Oprah mentioned in on her show.

"You're black and you don't know Oprah?" One wrinkly old bat stated as he pursed his lips in disappointment.

So, it was in a foul mood, that Mike found himself as he drove home (while it rained heavily, because why not?), feeling several last strands of his dark hair turning white after one too many "But I saw in on Oprah/TV/BookstoreThatDoesn'tEvenExistinDerry". Mike can be considered a calm man (he had to be to survive in a nearly white town) but even he couldn't help but imagine just being able to just tell everyone to *fuck off* for today.

Which was why he nearly hit the poor man that suddenly *popped* into the middle of the road.

Tires screeched as Mike swerves to avoid the person who just suddenly appeared, his car veering to the side of the road and it was only because the road was empty (small mercies) that it didn't turn into a pile up.

Hands still gripping his steering wheel, Mike gasps for breathe as his

mind tries to stop panicking. The rain continues to pour heavily, almost obscuring his vision, forcing him to peer through his windshield to see if he had hit anyone. The grey sheet of water fell heavily but for a brief wave when he saw him – a man, pale and… *naked* lying prone on the ground.

"Shit!" Mike cursed as he swings his car door open, ignoring the wetness as he rushes to the man's side.

"Sir? Hey Mister?" he calls out, voice drowning as thunders boomed ahead. The librarians knees down beside the comatose man and from a quick glance, noted that aside from his nakedness, there's no visible injury but he knew better than to move him. Just because he can't see it, doesn't mean it's not an internal injury or anything. Mike quickly checked his pulse and found it erratic.

But as he turns back, to reach for his phone, the man's hand shoots up and grabs him. Mike winces from the sheer strength of that grip but it was nothing compared to what he saw next.

Blood poured freely from the person who had grabbed his arm. It was leaking from his eyes, his nose and his lips, Mike was amazed the person was still moving, amber eyes focused and alert before it zeroed in on the librarian.

Very familiar eyes and something like an echo of a laughter plays in his head.

"Y-you!" the amber eyed man wheezes, gritting and pants as he tries to sit up.

Mike props himself against the poor man, "Listen, you need to lie down, I'm going to call the am-" In a surge of strength Mike never thought was possible, the man lifts himself up, bringing his face so close to his, the librarian could almost taste the blood.

"No, take me home!"

"You're not in a position-"

But his words die down when with a rough shake, the man stands up, towering over Mike. The librarian barely registered just how *tall* this

person was before he was being stared down by those golden pupils (where has he seen it?).

They burn with a purpose.

"Oh, Mikey," the man speaks, almost sing-song despite the heaviness of his breath, the paleness of his skin, "You were always a stubborn one."

Mike didn't see the punch but he saw *stars* and pain shooting up his temple as he falls to the ground. The man kicks him again, forcing Mike to curl up in pain.

The man walks off, tilting his head so that the rain washes away the blood from his face.

Mike groans, clutching his stomach when he hears the sound of the car door slamming and the engine being revved up. He tries to get up, to reach for the car but it was too late. Steel screeches away from him as Mike dives to the side to avoid being hit.

The librarian tries to run after it but the torrent plus the ache at the side of his jaw made for a limping jog before he's bent down, gasping for air as all he can do is watch as his car's taillights are swallowed by the sheet of rain.

10. Chocolates, Chardonnays and Metal Bats

Author's Notes: Sorry for the delay. I'm trying to steer this back to the cracky side I NEED FUNNEH okay.

You weren't sure if you're dreaming at the moment. A nagging voice is pinching you from all over and your instincts are declaring enemies everywhere.

And you would have heeded them, except…

Chocolates, from the kisses to gigantic slabs, arranged neatly in silver platters or piled like an obscenely delicious mountain of sugar loot.

Then there's the wines, of all colours and brands. Topped, best of all, by Dom FUCKING Perignon, no younger than ten years, all of them chilled to perfection.

If you were in an anime, your eyes would be saucer-sized, sparkling with bliss and joy! And why not? You had been very upset (cause yay depression!) and now you're surrounded by anti-depressants (not endorsed by any professional psychiatric healthcare) and you were going to gorge and GORGE until you either get shit-faced drunk or slip into a sugar coma.

Or get shit-faced comatose sugar coma!

You giggle devilishly as you pluck a thumb-sized chocolate meringue from the nearby plate, before popping it into your mouth.

Sweet citrus lace cacao melts in your eager mouth, sending wonderful serotonin (or happy hormones) down your spine. You moan, shamelessly, because Jesus sweet fucking Christ it was so, fucking, GOOD.

You grab another, then another, switching from orange to strawberry, then nuts and cinnamons for a change; each bite, each mingling of flavors, seem to burst in your mouth.

Eventually, your throat begin to itch and you make for the nearest

wine bottle, a Chardonnay, and you decided to forgo the glass and just gulp it down like the philistine that you are.

Well, you would have until not one, not two but *three* hands slap the bottle out of your eager palm. You let out a tiny cry as the bottle smashes against the ground, its liquid content pooling under your feet as you stare at the utter wastage!

"NOOOO! That was a Chardonnay! Why would you do that?" you say, before whipping up to find…

…a puppet staring back at you.

No, scratch that, a puppet would be…generous…for the…thing standing in front of you.

The puppet, doll, erm, mannequin? Had no face. Just a blank where there should be eyes, nose and lips. If not for the neck and the rest of its…puppet? Body, you would have thought it was one of those creepypasta monsters that writers wrote that had no face.

The mannequin? Yeah, you think, the…thing does remind you of one of those fancier artsy mannequins you find at the shopping mall. Except this one had a baby-sized torso, followed by a pair of absurdly long, segmented arms and legs. It was naked and flawless, just like the ones you'd see before the workers puts on the clothes from their store. It barely reached your knees but somehow seem to loom over your nonetheless.

To top off the creepiness, No-face's head was far, far too big for it…

To be quite honest, you think that it was less a mannequin and more of a rejected mannequin model.

You should be scared…by the way…but you're not. A wave of deja-vu falls all over you as you glance back at the Chardonnay and back at no-face.

"That was a Chardonnay." your mouth blurt out, as your survival instinct facepalms at within you.

No-face tilts it massive head to the side, before you hear it sigh (from

where?) and crosses its spindly arms across its chest, almost like its disappointed…and scolding you.

Somehow…with no face.

By right you should be scared…but instead you feel ticked off.

"Don't you give me that look, this is my dream, and *that* was a perfectly good Chardonnay you wasted…you, mannequin you!" you bristle, crossing your arm because you're an adult damn it! And you will not tolerate wine wastage!

No-face cocks its head to its other side, almost, considering, before one of its long arms unfurls and it points an accusing finger in the universal sign of 'no-no'.

"*Expectant Mamas don't drink!"* A high-pitched, sing-song voice whisper beside you.

You snap to the voice, so annoying…you didn't lay the egg Pen-

Your head explodes in pain. It was so sudden and fierce that your eyes whited-out from the agony. You're dimly aware that you are screaming and that the world, the chocolate, the wine is melting away to pitch darkness. Something was angry, *furious,* as your skull threatens to burst. Tears track down your face as you curl up on the floor, sobbing and whimpering as pain racks up and down your spine.

"*No! No!"* Someone cries out and you're aware that arms, spindly and long engulfing you, a bell-like cry as it holds you.

Then you feel it: cold hands, cold, cruel hands plunging into your brain. You cry at the intrusion – the violation as those hands, grab and tear at your mind – *your memories*, even as you fight to seize it back.

The hands were angry – it did not like that name – it did not want that name to be held precious to you!

You're mine, you're mine! It seem to taint, even as you cry, beg and plead for it to *stop* – you don't want to forget! You don't want to forget Pen –

The hand stabs again and you white out from the sheer rage, the pain it inflicts -

"*No! No! Sister, sister! Here!"* the second voice cries out, arms still clutching and holding…

The hands clutch upon the memory you had tried to recall and something deep within you is screaming because you don't want to lose that – not that memory, not of him –

But you feel weak, now, tired because you're only human and you can only take so much.

"*No, no! Let go! Let go!"* the bell-like voice keens, you can feel it trying to help but it was so weak, so small…

The hand grips and starts to pull -

"FUCK OFF BALDY-HEAD!" Eggy shrieks.

You hear a loud crack and someone cursing…and then…

The pain stops.

Light floods you, not from pain, but from illumination as the world burst into grey and brown. Your bend over as your entire nerves weep from relief as cool air brushes you and the familiar scent of sewer prickles your nose.

"Oh God, Oh God." You gasp, as you shakily try to sit up. Your vision is still blurry however, but from the scent of sewage, the feel of wood under your fingers, something tells you that you're in the sewers, no Pennywise's old cistern home.

Pennywise.

Like a pin, the name pops the dam in your mind.

You recall and egg, white and shiny, a turtle, large and kind, of a clown, prickly and cruel…but funny and loving to you…him being human, Eggy, nausea, pregnancy, *your mother* but not, fake and then…

Bob.

You remember the second clown, his whispers, at first sweet, then demanding, then *angry*. He wanted – what the fuck did he want? You recall that he wanted something but you refused, then he started – erasing your goddamn memories because…

Eggy yells again and your vision snaps back to HD as Bob roars in anger, followed by Penny hollering before you hear a loud thunk of metal against flesh. The cistern is empty, but you see in one of the tunnels shadows of a familiar clown, four armed child and Penny fighting, shouting and swearing away.

Fury courses through you and you look around for a weapon, picking up a metal bat. You try to stand up and you stagger a little but you're determined.

Determined to beat the shit out of Bob because you and Penny had accepted him and he spits it back at you.

You stumble around, ignoring the aches and pains in your joints because fuck that noise. You watch the shadow-play as Eggy clamps her jaws around one of Bob's arm, while Penny is beating him…with what you think is a crowbar.

As the sounds of battle grew louder, you tighten your grip. They are just around the corner, you would have been faster but wading through the sewage water is slowing you down, you nearly stumble when you hear the sound of Eggy screeching, followed the sound of a (small) body smacking against the wall. Your heart clenches at the sound and you pick up the pace.

"No!" Penny cries out and you hear loud, heavy footfalls, the sound of someone running towards your corner. Bob was laughing, of course, "Tough titties, you fools!" he barks, chortling as he makes his escape but you're ready and you have a lot of stress and anger to release.

As he reaches the corner you swing and CRACK.

Bob's eyes widen for just one brief moment, before he falls flat onto his ass. You don't wait for him to get up; you swing the bat again,

whaling over his head, again and again, even as blood burst and float around him.

You are snarling, disregarding the burning in your arms, the nausea in your throat as you continue to bash the fucker's head right in. True to his strange nature, Bob's face merely cracked like a fragile egg, you hear him moan and flail but eventually, as you slam right into him, he stops moving. Petulantly, you give him one more kick before the you start to stumble, dropping the bat and begin to lean against the tunnel's wall.

"[Y/N]?" Penny calls out, his eyes are wide in awe. His lip is split and there's blood trickling down his forehead but he's looking at you like…you're fucking badass.

Your body begs to differ however and you slump straight into his chest as he holds you up. As the adrenaline floods away, the impact of what has just occurred, comes crashing down on you and break into tears, grabbing and clutching him – half expecting him to drop you and leave you because your not-mother and the other is gripping him so tightly because you don't want him to leave and you're so fucking happy he came and even in your muddled mind, you know that you nearly lost him and you're so glad you didn't!

And judging from how tight he's hugging you, he feels the same too,"[Y/N], I'm –"

"It's okay…"you say, voice muffled as you bury your face into his chest, taking in the way he smells, the warmth of his skin, how he's pressing himself against you. Perfect.

"Penny?"

"Yes?"

"…why are you naked?"

You can hear his eyes roll,"...that's what you want to ask?"

"My brain just can't right now…" you whine.

Penny's eyes narrow in anger, "I know. He –"

"Mama!" Eggy calls out as she jumps into your open arms. Her mouth was covered in (hopefully Bob's) blood and there was a nasty bruise across her cheek but your daughter is here. She croons and holds you tight, hugging to you and slobbers you with kisses. You were crying of course, because you're so scared and even though your mind is spotty – you knew you almost lost her and you're so glad.

Not wanting to be left out, Penny holds you both as well, "My family," he says quietly.

The three (four, counting baby), embraced each other for some time before Bob lets out a small groan. You all turn towards the cause of this extremely weird and stressful week, Eggy growls in anger as Penny gives the second clown a quick kick in his stomach.

"So…what do we do with him?" you ask. You know none of you can leave him here…but you're not sure how to kill him either. The last time Penny died, it involved the Losers' Club and Maturin joining forces. Penny said if not for that he would have continued on to feed of Derry until the planet burns out. Unfortunately, they have no clue if Bob had his own Losers' Club + Maturin weakness – and even then Bob's Maturin is dead in his dimension.

You can see the wound you inflicted on Bob is healing…albeit extremely slowly…

You're contemplating whether you can set him on fire or beat him until he has no face before Penny turns towards the both of you, lips grinning devilishly.

"Oho…I have an idea."

11. Imagination and Making Things Up

You brain felt like someone had shoved in an electric mixer and set it to maximum speed.

You feel lightened but heavy at the same time. Eggy continues touching you, trying to heal you and re-arrange the memories that Bob had so kindly violated but you make her stop whenever the tell-tale coldness and fatigue seeps in. Penny is torn between concentrating on tying Bob up while occasionally punching the bastard to keep him down and checking up on you.

You feel loved, really, but you're also very, *very pissed.*

Sometimes you'd pick a rock or broken object and try to punt it to Bob's head – because Jesus this headache makes your legendary hangovers feel like a tickle and your stomach is roiling because you're still suffering from morning sickness. But you're weak so all you can do is mumble the things you want to do while the objects land pathetically at your feet. As if to cheer you up, Eggy would do a multi-handed slap which makes you smile because Bob's nose actually honks.

Whack, whack, whack, HONK!

THUD.

The first time you all found out, Penny literally rolled on the floor, busting his guts out as Eggy squeezes the red appendage, while slapping the prone clown down.

Even Pennywise didn't go *that* far and his clown suit was on-point.

Surprisingly, Bob didn't even stir, even as he is kicked, slapped and beaten and his face had healed from the earlier kerfuffle. You can't help but feel nervous, because while Eggy and Penny is still able to fight – Bob was only taken down because you caught him by surprise and even then it was by some unknown miracle he went down like a sack of potatoes.

Still, Penny was planning something, "Vengeance, my sweet but first, I'm going to make sure he won't be escaping anytime soon."

"Pen, he's still powerful…" you say, weakly as Eggy sidles to your side, propping your up with her many arms. Penny smiles your way as he tightens the ropes and chains around Bob, carefully checking to see if it's loose before being satisfied.

"I know…but he has made a terrible mistake."

"But…"

"Hush, [Y/N]. Eggy, come here." He says, beckoning your daughter to his side. Eggy struts confidently towards her father, cracking her fingers as she does.

Fear rises up your spine as Eggy places two of her palm onto Bob's forehead and another clutches Penny's hands.

"Penny…?" you start but Penny shakes his head as Eggy presses on. As though sensing your fear, your mate turns to you, face uncharacteristically grim.

"He thinks my being human has made me weak. Made me *unworthy*. But he has not suffered as I had; did not learn as I did. The bond he and I shared are fading but still there."

"…what?" Goddamn it, you hate it when he becomes vague, you're not functioning enough to understand.

"Basically, darling, I'm gonna make him *suffer*. He knows better than to take what was rightfully *mine*." He snarls, glaring at the sleeping clown. You feel drained and your eyes grew heavy just as you watch Eggy begins to glow.

You want to scream, make them stop, but Eggy turns her head towards you and smiles.

"Don't worry Mama…Dada and I will make him pay."

You want to be proud, really, but you remembered the pain Bob had inflicted, the way he invaded and nearly erased *everything*. But as

both your mate and daughter smiled, you feel…calm. Like everything's going to be fine. So you slip as Eggy siphons the last safe energy she could and sleep.

This time, you did not dream.

For the first time in his long life, Bob stirs from a slumber he did not plan.

At first he was confused, because it wasn't like the sleeps he had before. This one was painfully short (and inflicted) and his consciousness did not rejoin the Macroverse, instead lingered upon the current plane, bound to his form.

This form…

Bob found himself tied to a chair, in a pitch black room where only a dim light shone around said chair.

No. Not a real chair, he thought, tugging against the chains and ropes that had bound him. This one was *imagined*. He can feel it, the dreams that wove into it. He had chosen the clown form because it was supposed to be free of any human weaknesses but now…

Had he miscalculated?

Fuck, the human pet wasn't supposed to be this strong!

He had come, imagining a weak, stupid woman, who'd be putty in his arms. He had always been the superior one among his little group. Something even their mentor had been loathed to admit. But he was smarter, faster, and more ruthless when it comes to satiating the hunger that never ended. When he woke to his Derry, the damn place quickly became its playground. Children, men or women, all fall for him and he didn't even have to do much. He was horror personified, a walking nightmare to shame all others.

Then he comes here, hearing about the impossible offspring, about the human pet that had somehow borne a miracle child. Something that him and all others have tried but failed: an offspring off two when their kind was bound to one.

He wanted it.

He coveted it.

Because none of his offspring had survived and it wasn't fair someone so low had been granted that gift while his brood fade and crack into nothing.

"So…that's why you did what you did…" A voice says and the dim light brightened to reveal Pennywise the younger, clad in his clown finery as if untainted by Maturin's curse.

The elder of the two nearly dropped his jaw in surprise, because by right his former mate should not be able to enter the dream state, the Todash as some call it, but there was Pennywise the Younger; tall and limber to his short and stoutness, eyes glowing with anger.

"So full of surprises, aren't you?" the elder, the Bob rasps, fighting back the urge to snarl and spit. The younger sneers, bucktoothed and wicked as he circles the short clown.

"Just as you are predictable, old man," Pennywise whispers as he continues to circle him, like a shark about his prey.

"Why don't you cut to the chase? Hn? Are you going to torture me? Rend my skin to nothing? All that clichéd sadistic bullshit?" Bob growls, trying once more to be free.

Pennywise stops in front of him, before kneeling so that his face was level to his groin. An old memory threatens to surface as Bob leers down on his erstwhile lover. The younger clown cocks his head aside and for a moment he thought that Pennywise thought the same but the tall one cackled instead.

"Aren't you a bit curious as to how I'm back, old man?" he adds, licking the saliva from his bottom lip.

Bob snorts, though he is curious, oh so very, very much. But he doesn't like begging, so he aims straight for the jugular.

"You're in the dream world, brat. I can imagine you're still stuck in that pathetic form in the physical world, still sucking the tits from

your mate, like the pussy-whipped bitch that you are."

It hits right, the younger Pennywise's smile is wiped off his face as he snarls, baring his teeth.

"I am not *pussy-whipped* you fat bastard!"

"Really? Cause if my memory serves me right, you're like some pupped up bitch, hemming and hawing at her feet," Bob starts, grinning at how the boy's golden eyes start to rim red, "You wash her clothes, cook her dinner, watch over that brat of yours while she's bringing the bacon. And then she comes home and you fuck her cunt the way she wants it, like a weak, toothless whore."

SMACK!

In another world, Bob imagined that he would have been knocked out by the punch the boy had given him. But this is the dream world and the younger brat's little act didn't even sting.

"Awww, is ickle Pennywise upset?" he mocked, "That didn't even *itch* you brat!" He spits.

The taller clown roars, spitting and snarling as he clamps his large hands around Bob's face, claws digging into his skull, sending cracks all over the façade he wore. The younger abomination climbs all over him, sending the chair crashing down to the ground. Without stopping, Pennywise began to claw Bob's mask, ripping apart the flesh he had woven, making his ichor spray and float around that coppery hair like halo.

"C'mon," he cooed, feeling the chains and ropes loosen, just like Pennywise's control, "C'mon you brat, *hit me,"*

The younger clown screams, his jaw disengaging as Bob braces for impact.

Instead, burning hot lips slams into his.

Blue eyes widen with surprise as the claws sink into his cheeks, forcing a long hot tongue down the elder's throat. Against his own control, Bob lets out a breathy moan as Pennywise's tongue starts

exploring inside him. Pleasure blooms from within – from his own traitorous Deadlights as the taller boy continues his ministrations.

…It reminds him

Of a time when they joined…

To create…

…only to end in failure…

Suddenly, the boy's tongue wraps tightly against his own and then sharp teeth clamps down onto the organ and

TEARS

This time there was pain – hot blinding *unfamiliar* ***pain*** as Bob howls, soundlessly. His body scorching with agony, shocked by the violation as his Deadlights writhed and shudder from the overwhelming sensation.

His eyes began to water – *tears? TEARS?* As the younger stands up, his face splattered with thick ichor, those teeth chewing and snapping as a tongue, red and wriggling desperately in the other's mouth before being swallowed in one lou P.

Pain, pain! His deadlights cry and for the first time Bob, Robert Gray, Pennywise the Clown, ***fears.***

"Aaaaahhhh," Pennywise sighs, licking the ichor of his fingers with loud, slurping, pops. He shakes his head, exaggeratedly, before bending down by his waist, grinning maliciously at the other's prone form.

"You talk too much." He says calmly, before bopping the man's nose. "What's the matter? Clown got your tongue?" he continued as he watched Bob struggled.

Then, as though realizing his own joke, the boy explodes into laughter. Bob stares, still stunned and reeling because this wasn't how it was supposed to go, this wasn't – NO, NO, NO, NO!

He wasn't! This wasn't! Supposed! To! Happen!

Tongue-less, Bob wished he could scream, that he could fight and destroy the laughing brat. How he hates, how he *loathes!* But the chains and rope bound tighter, even as his hate grew stronger.

Eventually the clown turned human turned clown stops his laughter, snickering one final time before gracefully sitting on the floor, one hand propped on his chin as he sneers at the stouter clown.

"Hmm, what's that? You want to know how I got my groove back?" Pennywise teased, even as Bob wished he could break the brat's fingers and ground them, slowly until they are dust.

"Geez Bob, I don't know if I should tell you! I mean, you did kidnap my mate, tried to erase her memories of me because you wanted to turn her into your own little fucktoy." Pennywise listed.

Bob could only growl impotently, while trying to ignore the alien horror building in him. 'I don't understand, why am I *feeling*? Why am I *bound?'* he rattled in his mind.

As though reading his mind, Pennywise raised one of his non-existent eyebrows.

"I guess old age must have dulled your brain," He quipped, crooking a smile. Then the clown slams his palm against Bob's forehead, clenching tight, he brings his face close, until Bob can feel his breath.

"I'll tell you why," his whispers quietly. "Because I'm nice and because I want this to *hurt*."

He pauses as if to savor Bob's fear. The fear of pain, the agony, the fear of an End. The younger one clucks his tongue.

"You won't die because I won't let you. You see, even though I'm a weak human now, I have also inherited their strength."

Bob's eye widen – because what does weak prey have advantage against their predator?

"Why, *imagination*, you old fart! *Imagination*!" Pennywise announced

as confetti and balloons pop around him, followed by sounds of triumphant trumpets.

'How? HOW?' he demanded to ask, but without a tongue he mouth only lets out a guttural cry.

"I mean, yeah it sucked being stuck as a man. All their weaknesses and vulnerabilities; the fact that flesh doesn't taste right anymore and you have to sleep more often. *Tiring."* The clown listed.

"But, I can dream greater now; of things far superior than before. No more am I bound to an echo; I can *make* things of whole cloth. I can create things where before all I could do is *devour and destroy."* He continues, as he begins to pace around.

"Yes, I was bound to the laws of this form, yes, it hurts when I try to use my old powers…but I have to say, Bob, you kinda helped me there."

The other clown frowns, because how (he's beginning to *hate* not knowing) when the taller abomination presses his fingers to create a V upon his lips. Something red and familiar slithers out – Bob's tongue tries to wriggle past the caging teeth but Pennywise chews it down.

'Ah. That.'

"Yes, you used out old link to fool me and my daughter. Made me truly believe [Y/N]'s mother was real. It was a nice touch, turning Mrs.[L/N] into a gun-totting maniac."

Bob couldn't help but smirk – it was indeed easy. The child was protective and strong, useless in his eyes, but the unborn…the unborn could still be molded. And the girl…well, he had always wanted a human pet.

Amber eyes narrowed, as though he could read Bob's mind but it was quickly replaced with a cruel grin.

"Of course, enough about that! I want to show you what I have learned and it's better to show than to tell." He exclaims, stretching his arms to crack those long fingers together.

"But *first!"*

He twists his head and cries out to the void.

"Eggy! Honey dear, Bob's gonna teach us a lesson! Come out, sweet heart!" he said. Bob feels his lights tremble and he hates it because he does not fear. Their kind DOES NOT FEAR.

Like paint, the child slips out from the gloom, her long copper hair framing her like bloody curtains, her maw, gaping and drooling as she crawls towards them, sniffing and growling.

A babe, no more, but the fear still remains in his lights as Bob strains to get away.

"Bad clown, bad man, bad, bad, Baldy head." She hisses, before snapping those teeth shut right before his face. Pride crosses Penny's face before he traces Bob's face with his fingers, "Now, normally we don't do this, Eggy. It's called cannibalism and it's wrong."

Fear, real and cold thrills down his spine. His struggles harder and more viciously as though a primordial terror had been aroused. 'He cannot! *He cannot!*"

"But, Bob here had done something naughty, something even *worse.* He hurt Mama, he hurt you and he hurt *me*." Pennywise snarls, his claws popping out of gloves. The child nods, her grin growing impossibly wider.

"Yeah, and he tried to take Mama and Baby away too."

"That he did too…so he deserves what happens next,"

The child giggles, drool pooling at her feet as she licks her lips in anticipation. Pride literally beams from Pennywise's form as he patted his daughter's head affectionately.

"This, my child, is how a devourer eats *another."*

Bob wanted to plead, to scream but fear shackles him as the clown turned man turned clown sheds his form.

The pain was shocking and terrible but even as the lights were torn from him he understood.

Fear.

Pennywise wakes up from the dream.

He feels it; the power long barred trickling back to his fingers.

Still human, however, but not just.

Something akin to his offspring. He won't have to wait until old age now.

He turns and watches as Bob, Robert Gray, his former lover still in his clown form, begins to float. The white face slacked and shut as the dream world he had created imprisons him.

Eggy, his child shakes her head, staring without eyes at the form.

"So, he floats now?"

"Yes, young one." He replies, sinking himself into the feelings of power again.

Not all, no, not when it's stolen, but enough. He bends down to plant a kiss onto his daughter's head, before turning to face your sleeping form.

"Now, let's go wake up Mama."

12. Bits and Pieces

Author's Note: OH HEY. LOOK. AN UPDATE.

I mean. Well, not really, this is just a short chapter. A really short one just to let y'all know I haven't abandoned this fic. Just that work has been consuming me. The usual. Apologies for the wait.

You had always thought that birthing pains had been greatly exaggerated. Your mom had said that she had been too tired to scream when you decided to enter the world. Your colleagues said the same and even your doctor mentioned that it was rather rare to find mothers screaming their lungs out when they are trying to push a huge ham out from your vagina. Maybe in one in a ten but seeing that you apparently had child-bearing hips and you dilated without an issue, you didn't think much of it.

After all, you are quite ready to see your child and what is a bit of cramping pain?

As you grab both Penny and your mother's arms, your spine twisting in agony as your nerves are set on fire you realized something:

They were all fucking liars.

And you are a complete idiot for believing them.

Penny made a whining chittering spider noise that would have swivelled heads if not for the fact that you were louder and angrier and fuck him. FUCK HIM.

THIS IS ALL *HIS* FAULT.

"FUCK! *FUCK! WHY? WHY?"*

The doctor, nursing an impressive bruise from where you had accidentally kicked him when he made a mistake of asking you to be still, peeks over the cloth, "There you go, I can see his hair."

It was only because your legs are strapped you didn't kick him again.

"Oh honey, you're doing great," your mom said grimacing as she tries to distract you. Her voice washed over you like water over wax. As your vaginal cavity continues to expand and another bolt of pain shoots up your spine, you can feel it; Penny using whatever miserable powers he has to sooth you.

You can feel the twinge of his powers trickling from, that soft warmth so strange to someone like him, the love he feels and the pride pouring from every part of his being into yours.

You could cry.

You nearly did.

Then you remembered who put you here.

"WHY COULDN'T *YOU* HAVE LAID ANOTHER EGG?"

You screamed at the same time as the doctor suddenly recoiled backwards, shrieking himself.

"OH MY GOD!"

Even amidst the agony you can't help but note the look of sheer horror on the doctor and nurses' faces, eyes laser focused onto the area between your legs.

Horror replaces your pain as panic floods your brain – why are they looking, what's wrong with my baby? –

The words die in your mouth as something dark and cold and *wrong* slithers out from your aching cunt.

Some time ago.

Pennywise stares down upon your sleeping form. At last you're safe. No more former mates mucking your brain. No weird exchanges or arguments and best of all

NO MORE REFRRACTORY PERIOD.

YAS

Eggy makes a retch sound by her father's side, clearly not liking the fact that due to the trickling of powers they now share a mental link. Eggy had not been pleased by this. Not because she found the concept a violation (she's half human, mind reading is a thing-ish) but more of the fact that her Papa was even more arrogant in his head than he was out of it.

He embraced it, feeling almost like his old self. True, he was not in peak condition but even with the pathetic smidge that he has, he was still superior to everyone on this wretched planet.

'*Such ego. Papa shouldn't be so arrogant,*'

'*Pah, this is nothing. You should have been there my dearest, this world had been my oyster.*'

'*Yeah…and you got your butt kicked by Uncle Hanlon and his friends.*'

'*…Let's just wake Mama up all right.*'

'*Let her rest. Baby brother needs rest too.*'

Penny's eyes widened as he turns to his offspring. Eggy smiles nudging the memory to the surface and allows her father to see.

A boy but not really. Still forming but thriving. Cocooned in your womb protectively as it returns to slumber, tired from defending you. That explains why you were so difficult to rouse, even as Penny and Eggy took turns carrying you home; you were sleeping for two.

The former clown kneels down beside you, one hand on your child and another on your cheek. Eggy leans her head on his shoulder and the three, no, four of felt the wave of domestic contentment.

Then there was a knock on the door.